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WAIT, MY DARLING, WAIT.

There's a pale bright star in the heavens to night—
A star that no eye can see;
To the world at large it sends no light:
It shineth alone for me.

There's an angel singing in heaven to-night,
Singing a gladsome glee;
But the hurrying world can hear her not—
She singeth alone for me.

I know who it is, for a while ago
We laid her away to rest
On the green hillside, where the wild flowers grow,
And the birds sing with joyous zest.

She is waiting for me by the golden gate
Of her bright and happy home,
And her crown, a star, casts a blessed light
On the paths where my footsteps roam.
* * * * * *
A little while by the golden gate
Wait, my dear one, wait;
I only tarry for night to come—
Wait, my darling, wait.

"PRINCE JOHN;"

OR,

DIARY OF A NEW YORK "FANCY MAN."

HISTORICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ST. GEORGE METCALF, ESQ.

CHAPTER III.

ASSIGNATION AT HOME.

The temptations thrown out by certain characters of the feminine gender residing solely within the precincts of the metropolis of New York, are notorious. We do not refer altogether to those frail sisters of misfortune sent out upon the land to destroy the sex of their destroyer, but more particularly would we call attention to those members of the general household who meekly profess to practice virtue at home, but vice abroad—those well bred, yea, those fashionable disciples, not contented, not satisfied with home, who have all that heart should wish, but who, through intrigue, passion, temptation, winks, smiles, nods, introductions, female companions, and good-looking, oily-tongued men, allow assignation to ensue, moderate at first, fearfully in the end. Whence the cause? Whence the termination?

Twelve years ago it was bad enough; now, in these days of rapid enlightenment, in this dark hour of the battle's strife, it is progressing beyond all precedent. Well-to-do husbands are forced to speak of peccadilloes and misgivings of so serious an order as to call forth condemnation within the walls of their own castles. Imprudences among female aristocracy are fraught with evil, and its citizens know it well. The "Black Book" has a damning record of those countless imprudences, but its leaves are kept sealed until justice demands its tainted pages to be opened for public inspection, for public condemnation. Thus, thus do we proclaim that it is not a hard task to prove how many a palatial mansion is a place of assignation.

"Have another goblet of wine?"

"Thank you, I don't care if I do have my glass replenished."

"Do you know," remarked the Prince with very much earnestness, "that I would have been a married man years and years ago had I not witnessed so much male and female deception, as practiced wholesale right before my own eyes, and here, too, in this my native city. Now it is hard to say it, but nevertheless true. I believe your folks to be virtuous and morally inclined; I believe my people to be likewise, and I also believe that my old and esteemed friend here, George Gowman, belongs to a highly respectable and virtuous family. But, gentlemen, let me ask you, with a clear admonition of conscience, are we not very cautious whom we would trust outside of our own family—outside of our own acquaintances?"

"A powerful sight of sound logic, of truth. Can't—mustn't be denied."

George Gowman, who thus expostulated, was a man hard on to sixty years of age. His head was bare, entirely bald, which gave him a queer appearance. He wore green spectacles, and was simply attired, though respectable. He looked as though he had seen much hard service; was very intelligent, affable, and seemed to carry with him much of the old fashioned parlance! Short in stature; round in head; heavy in argument, and tremendous on big drinks. But more of his history hereafter.

"Fifteen years ago," continued the Prince, in rather of a disheartened tone, "I had a different heart within me, and, must also admit, bore a more honorable character. Good looks introduced me into temptation. I had no more money than the law allowed, yet my intentions were good enough, had the women, in those days, kept their own tongues quiet, minded their own business, left their flattery at home, and allowed a young, rosy-cheeked boy to have consulted his own honest and respectable ideas. But no, it was'nt in them; I was too sweet; for these tongued phrases were often thrown into my face: 'What a beautiful-featured girl he would make!' 'John Samuel Highboy ought to have been born a girl!' 'Those eyes will surely steal many a maiden's heart,' together with others of a same complimentary order. Of course, as a natural consequence, these remarks had a tendency to making me vain; of making me feel old when I was young; a man, when I was but a boy."

"There's a mighty deal of good plain truth in what you say, John Samuel—yes, sir, too true to be upset by erratic logicians," said the venerable Gowman, refilling his goblet with a fearfully trembling hand.

"And how am I to-day? Almost eight and thirty years of age; without a trade; without an honorable profession; without a thousand dollars; without a family; without a real honest home; without a sound character, and well known throughout every channel of society, metropolitanly speaking, as a Fancy Man. Pretty title, isn't it? Pointed out in almost every ward on Manhattan Island, as long as sixteen years ago, as Mrs. Dewitt's lover; twelve years since as the beautiful Miss Brownell's man; nine years back, why, the gay, ravishing Countess is keeping the Prince! This was town-talk, while afterwards I was reported to stand before the eyes of the world as the fortunate fancy man of the age, and my name was mixed up with a dozen noted fast characters. Mr. Gowman remembers these unfortunate scenes."

"I do, I do, very well, very well, John Samuel, and have oftentimes wondered at your wonderful career. To-day, John Samuel, Mr. Okie, looks as fair and, I must add, as healthy as he did in the good old gin days of Polk and Dallas and 1844! Do you remember those halcyon days, gin days, John Samuel?"

Gowman was a very slow and reverential kind of a talker. In speaking of gin times, the old fellow would rub his two hands together and grin sardonically, ten degrees more steep than Garrison, whose bald head and green spectacles coincided with that of Gowman in looks!

Florence's, in those days, was in full blast. The trio were seated within the walls of one of the private supper rooms, where, at Mr. Gowman's liberality, they had been regaling themselves over champagne and fried oysters, roast chicken and brandy.

"And what I am doing now caps all the rest, in my humble judgment," continued the Prince, as he sat wondering over his glass of wine and segar, playing now and then with his watch-chain. "People profess to know my business better than myself, for some throw into my face the fact of respectable ladies riding after me here, there and yonder; sending their darling little notes all full of love and passion, and longings, and hopes, and fears; chucking gold and paper into my pockets when least expected by me; proclaiming, also, that many a one feels really jealous of this lady and that woman, until, from all reports, I must certainly be in high feather—in immense luck—and away up at the head of the class."

"Let 'em talk, and blow hot and blow cold, I wouldn't care. No, sir," exclaimed the excited Okie. "They are only jealous of luck and your good looks, that's all."

"People will talk, lie and steal, John Samuel, and we all know it." Thus did the aged Gowman expatiate. "All these sports, you understand me, John Samuel, love, you see, to keep posted in regard to the success and advance of their kin and betters, John Thomas."

"Pray, Mr. Gowman, why do you call me John Thomas?" asked the Prince, laughingly.

"You see, John Samuel I should have said, (but excuse me, for it's the champagne that made me substitute Thomas for Samuel, I think,) you see, I remarked that as wine and women are the gods of their idolatry, these sports hear of your successes, and therefore blow on ye a little, now and then, you see; but, mind you, all, yes, John Samuel, all in good faith, 'pon honor. You are an exception of your race, in fact, I might honorably add," said old Gowman, shaking that awful hard-looking bald head comically, "a very great exception. Another glass of the sparkling beverage, Mr. Okie, if you please, as the bottle is a near neighbor of yours; and it would not be hypothetical, nor would it be considered hyperbolical, should I add, with much nerve and emphasis, that you, John Samuel Highboy, are one out of a million. Oh, deary, deary me, don't this head of mine, bald, hairless as it smiles upon the world, cause me to remember well how it used to be with the gals and you, John Samuel, a great many years ago, when you first started on your gay roving pilgrimage. But I must say, John Samuel, that I must give you the credit of always playing your points well, and, I may assert, beautifully."

Gowman's expostulations pleased the Prince, and really tickled the vanity of Okie. The earnestness, frankness, and simplicity in which the old man brought forth his honest expressions, were sufficiently telling upon the listener.

"Ah! and didn't I know my biz in those palmy days, young as I was?" Here Sam crossed his well rounded legs, and looked Gowman square in the face. "Let me tell you that when I had the inside track, during what I should style my juvenile days, there were not many of the boys who could take my time. I was at the quarter pole in gallant style, and when facing the home stretch you can bet high that your uncle was about, and never, never flagged; eh, squire Gowman?"

"Never; no sir; and I could almost swear to it," was the rapid, but emphatic rejoinder.

"You see, in those days, silver was anything but scarce, and gold was worth nary a premium! Money was abundant, and the times were good. Fast places in those days were flourishing and doing a heavy business! Nothing was too nice; nothing too good; nothing too expensive! The landladies would hear their lady boarders blowing and gassing away about the Prince, on this, and that occasion, and those who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance would make inquiries concerning me! 'Why, Madam, he is the handsomest looking, and best dressed man on Broadway!' Then another fast creature would give me a voluntary push; 'Madam, he's the best looking kept gentleman in all New York City!' And another compliment: 'He's a sweet-scented-geranium-of-a-woman's lover!' And still another: 'He is known as the Prince, and handsome Jack, and elegant Sam by almost everybody on the town!' Of course this excited the different bosses of the several institutions until they would work it in some quiet way to have me spotted, and pointed out to them. Perhaps the rejoinder would be, 'Why, I have seen him often, and have wondered who he was.' On one occasion, after finding out for a certainty where my love was barricaded, just then one of this kin made use of the expression, 'He's too sweet to live with such a woman!' Then the whisperings of the heart; then the passionate anxiety of the mind would cause a bevy of them to whisper back to their own heart, 'I'll steal him away from her if it costs me so and so!' And what followed in at least six or eight such foolish instances? Why, plug musses, cat-scratch-fights, a rough and tumble between two owners of petticoats—between jealous women—and fighting about the Prince! Of course I was innocent—in their eyes—but, you see, the cry of the pet would be to this sniveling effect—'She's trying to steal elegant Sam away from me; I'll tear her eyes out!' Gowman, you must remember some of the disputes, eh?"

"Well, yes, I do remember what occurred on one Saturday night—at least, on that day or evening. Shall I expatiate on it, elegant Jack, as some used to call thee?"

"Yes, let's have it," rejoined the Prince, and as he said this smilingly, he gave Okie a sly, meaning wink.

CHAPTER IV.

CAT SCRATCH FIGHTING.

"Now let me tell it to you, as you told it me," said Gowman, after the three had quaffed at the wine. "I remember you telling me on one Sunday morning what had occurred on the day previous—during the afternoon, I think—between two rivals in petticoats, who had mawled each other rather tough, and all on your account. I shall never forget with what downright earnestness you described the preliminaries to me—"

"Yes, yes," interposed the gay cavalier, "I remember it well and have laughed over the encounter oftentimes. But not to interrupt you, Okie, my dear little quiet fellow, did you ever witness a fight between two of the feminine gender—good or bad characters?" Sam made the inquiry in such a manner as to convince any hearer that little Billy Okie was a fresh duck, an innocent young country gent, who had come to town to live—spend his money as he pleased—because, in his way of thinking, New York City was almost heaven to a countryman! And what he had read of Gotham fully convinced him in his own mind that he could not be mistaken!

"Never in all my life;" was his quick reply.

"Did you ever see two wild cats fight?"

"Yes sir, and a terrible fight it was, Sam."

"Well then, you just make up your mind that its nothing—no kind of a fight—merely a slight brush, aside of a genuine scratch between two women of fast proclivities, when the fight is about a man! Why, Okie, the scratching, the snarling, about head, neck, arms, face, is appalling. All kinds of wearing apparel, all articles near at hand, such as pitchers, bottles, ice-picks, spittoons, stools and chairs have to suffer; but while I think of it, let me tell you of something;" here the Prince hesitated for a second.

"Tell yours first, then," said Gowman, excitedly, "but touch the bell cord."

Okie answered the demand. "Another bottle of wine, off the ice."

The Prince advanced.

"One fine summer afternoon, while in a certain castle sipping champagne with the landlady just for compliment's sake, and of course at her expense, one of the leading, rakish, high-headed, saucy courtezans of the establishment, stepped up to me, asking if I would do her a very small favor. She was rather handsome; immense on plaid silks and huge flounces, and looked like one of those kind of beings anxious to obtain relief from some source of the opposite sex. 'Certainly, Mademoiselle, with the greatest of favor.' By the looks of the gay damsel, she was in full rig to go forth on a promenade. 'You are very well acquainted, I believe, with my Charley, who boards at —— Hotel?' My answer was in the affirmative. 'If I veil my face closely, will you ride down Broadway with me, get out at Cortlandt street, visit the hotel, find him and then bring him to me?' I hesitated at first, bit my lips for a second or so, for I did not like the job, neither did I care about showing myself up in public with such a flashily attired nymph, who would surely attract attention by her deep lace frills, high-heel gaiters with anklets attached thereto, and flesh-colored hose! Then supposing any of my partial pets of the feminine gender should happen to see me in her company, the d—l would be to pay—and a merry time would ensue."

'Just so, just so, Prince," said Gowman.

"Not knowing the nature of the errand, I took her royal majesty aside, and advised her to order a carriage. Under those circumstances I consented to become her escort."

"Why did'nt you order the carriage gentleman fashion?" interrupted Okie, with much astonishment.

"What, *me!*"

"Yes, *you*, sir."

"Would'nt have been smart, Okie; no, no, my hearty. What, order a carriage myself?"

"You are a fine gallant," roared out Okie.

"See here, young rooster; had I, the landlady and her dozen girls would have pronounced me a flat; would'nt they, Gowman?"

"Certainly, and laughed at you."

"Always make them settle the bills, Billy, my boy, or you are not smart. Make them pay you for your trouble, and never allow yourself to be taken in."

"Well, I guess you've got cheek enough for most anything that comes along your way."

"Precisely, and that's what I travel on. If my memory serves me right, it appears to me I borrowed twenty dollars of this injured creature. Yes, I did, for I now recollect about it. But let me tell you," continued the Prince, hilariously, "what followed. I found out that a certain gay woman, residing in some distant castle, had been so daring as to entice her Charley away; that he had harbored with No. 2, and all this girl, in tears, desired, was to see the said young Charley, and ask him, verbally, if the report was false or otherwise. With this understanding, I rode down Broadway with her in a close carriage. I ordered the driver to turn out of Broadway into Cortlandt street, and put me down half way on the first block, left hand side. He did so. Here I left her seated within, with face veiled, while your uncle marvelled forth on his delicate mission. Unfortunately, for the dear creature, I found Charley had gone over to Philadelphia. On my return she could hardly credit the report, thinking it was merely a *ruse*. 'He may be up there with her this very moment,' said she, with a feeling of nervousness. Hesitating for a moment or so, she asked, 'Don't you think it very hard for a young gentleman to serve a lady so?' Of course, I said, quite emphatically, 'certainly,' and then added in an easy, methodical kind of way, 'she is to blame—not he; she is the snake of the whole affair; she has taken a fancy to him, and, through some intrigue, or underhand work, has charmed and stolen your own Charley away. You did wrong when you throwed away your own interest in the matter, by introducing him to her.' I then asked her, as I leaned against the carriage door, how long she had known her lady friend? Come to find out both of them hailed from New Bedford, Mass., and were brought up near neighbors. 'Would you advise me to ride up there, leave the carriage, ring the bell, ask for her, and then just give her such a thrashing as the low, miserable huzzy deserves.'"

"'Perhaps she might get away with you, what then?' said I.

"'It isn't in her.'

"'But perhaps this report is a fabrication—and if so you would then get your pretty self into the clutches of the law——'

"'Never you mind about that,' she interrupted quite spitefully; 'the report is too true, and what's most in my favor is that I can easily cook her mutton for her, little as I am.'

"Here she commenced to weep, and, Gowman, you know what a jealous woman is when she cries in earnest."

"I do—I do," spoke forth Gowman.

"Well, while boo-hooing away she remarked that her heart was in mournful trouble, and she knew of but one way to gain satisfaction. 'Go ahead then,' I said, 'and fight your own battles.' Orders followed, and away went carriage and she up Broadway. I knew she was full of fighting inclinations, and anxious to see it out I hurried up opposite the Park, jumped into a hack, and told the driver to land me on the corner of Broome and Mercer streets just as quick as he could conveniently. This would place me in good seeing distance, should a plug muss ensue. As luck would have it, while standing in the background I saw the carriage containing its precious cargo stop in front of the castle in question; saw her with all her good clothes on ascend the door steps, ring the bell with a jealous woman's furious jerk, and soon enter."

"And this was fun for you, eh?" interposed Billy Okie, jocosely.

"Guess it was. In about two minutes' time the next thing I discovered was a bonnet on top of the hack, roses, flowers, and feathers streaming away. Then I beheld the skirt of a rich silk—one of those rakish, big plaid silks—then an underskirt flounced with lace—then three women pounding, scratching, and pushing at one—then a kick, three or four curses following, and a tumble down the steps. They were having it all their own way, no M. P. being visible. Just then, however, two passers-by, with the assistance of the hackman, picked up the injured beauty and placed her within the carriage. As the driver ascended the box he handed her hat down, and one of the men placed it inside, when away he comes, driving on up Mercer street at a furious rate, evidently anxious to deliver the victim at the crib where she belonged. On the steps stood a half dozen women full of laughter, as though highly tickled at her downfall—so down I go to know what's up. I immediately ascended the steps, passed into the hallway (for my countenance was familiar to several of the creatures), and asked particulars. Our gal, it seems, asked to see Miss Amelia in a very authoritative tone of voice, and she being at the time just at the head of the hall stairs, in conversation with three or four of the female inmates, ejaculated loudly, 'Here I am, Miss, and what do you want of *me*—say?' No more said than down she springs. 'You've stole away my Charley, you d—— good for nothing New England huzzy!' and saying this, the tigress and all the other loose tigresses went at her; one at the hat, one in for the eyes, another for the silk dress, until poor Miss Ida was rolled out of the den, down the steps, and fairly on to the sidewalk. I looked at this Miss Amelia from head to heel, and she was a figure for an artist. 'If you are not a stout, square built, rakish New Bedford whaler, then there's no use of sending you on a three years' whale voyage, anyhow.'

"'I've fixed her pretty looks and rich harness,' she screamed, while pinning her dress about the bosom. 'Guess if her man, or any other woman's friend, takes a liking to me, he's got a right to, if my name is Amelia Armstrong. I can fight my way through, and pick my company. They mus'n't come round here in a stylish carriage, all newly painted up and varnished, in all style and airs, to lick this child—no, no, honey. Guess I know my *biz*, if I *do* hail from New Bedford, Taunton, Lowell, Martha's Vineyard, and all along shore. She's got good six weeks to heal the skin on her face, I reckon. I've been wanting to spile her good looks. Pretty idea! She can coax away other girls' fellows, but when any one steals fruit from her garden, then she's all for fight. I'm just savage enough to run her through—yes, rip her right open, and tear her very heart out.' Hearing this said, in a bully, slang manner, I laughed, turned and left the house."

"By Jove! She was a regular cat fighter, wasn't she?"

"Okie, you can bet on it."

"The other gal was badly bruised, if my memory serves me."

"Gowman, they handled the gal almighty rough, now, I tell you. Four upon one are three too many, always, and Ida had no sight at all. More than two months elapsed ere she allowed herself to come down into the parlors; but, gentlemen, take a fresh glass of wine with me."

"Didn't she sue the 'tother gal?" asked the innocent Okie.

Gowman and the Prince smiled.

"Well, you may smile and punch each other, and you may think I'm kinder green yet. Admit it. But what little I've seen already convinces me of one thing, anyhow."

"What's that, Okie?"

"Why, it's this—New York is New York, any how you can fix it."

"And do you demand any additional proof?" asked Mr. Gowman, in a smiling mood, rubbing his hands together, and looking the Yank full in the face, with rather of a hypocritical sneer.

"*Some*," replied Billy, as he thrust both hands into his vest pockets as though looking for stamps.

"Then do you just stick to your friend, known world wide as the Prince, and he'll either break you or else he'll make a man of you. Here's health, gentlemen, drink hearty—down with it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MECHANISM OF THE ORGANS OF VOICE.—Nearly all the quadrupeds, as well as man, have a vocal apparatus nearly alike. There is an elastic, semi-cartilaginous box, called a larynx, in which are two thin membranes put upon the stretch, like two short, thin ribbons—edge to edge. Below are the lungs, acting on the principle of bellows, which force a current of air up through the windpipe, and as it rushes between the tense margins of the vocal cords or ribbons, makes them vibrate. Such is the origin of the voice. Modified by the shape of the mouth, play of the tongue, movement of the lips, and the opposing firmness of the teeth, in connection with the cavities in the cheek bones and nose, we have the human voice. All animal gradations below humanity, where the brain is less in volume and inferior in capacity, there is rarely much more than a simple characteristic voice, as the lowing of an ox, the bray of an ass, the barking of a dog, &c., which is a vibration of the vocal chords without much modification. Monkeys, ourang-outangs, and the quadrumana generally, at most can only howl and chatter without giving any distinct, articulate sounds. Our voices, then, are produced by the tremor or vibration of the chords, much as the sound is produced in the hautboy by a double reed. In birds, however, the reed is placed at the lower end of the windpipe, near the bellows—and any variation of tone which they are able to produce is by opening and closing the bill—equivalent to raising or closing a finger-hole on a flute. Insects are furnished with means of making sound by quite a different kind of mechanism, as they are without lungs or vibrating chords.

A NEW VELOCIPEDE.—An improved Velocipede was exhibited at the Rednersville, C. W., Cattle Show recently, and attracted the attention of all as a most curious and practical vehicle. It is moved by hands and feet, and can be made to run as high as eighteen miles an hour. The machine is about three feet high and five feet long, running on three wheels, the front one being the smallest. It is directed by a shaft that fits about the body in front and connects with the front wheel by a spring. It is governed down hill by a break that throws the wheels out of gear at the same time. Mr. J. Maybee, of Consecon, is the inventor. He has been offered $1,000 for his invention, it is said, but laughs at the idea of selling it for that sum.

LIZZIE COOPER, COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

MENKEN AS MAZEPPA.

AS SEEN BY LONDON "FUN."

ACT I. SCENE 1.—Exterior of OLINSKA's Apartments. Night. Sentry on Battlements.

Enter MAZEPPA.

MAZEPPA.—Olinska, the dewy night is, &c.—the soft beams of early zephyrs will soon, &c., and under these circumstances I call on thee to come forth!

OLINSKA (coming from chamber into balcony).—My Cassimir!

SENTRY.—Ha, a conversation! It must be the wind. I will report the phenomenon to my employers. [Exit to do so.]

OLINSKA.—I am to be married to the Palatine!

MAZEPPA.—Never. *I* will prevent it. [Exit to do so.]

Flourish. Enter the CASTELLAN and Suite.

CASTELLAN.—My dotter, you are this day to be marryed to the Palatine.

OLINSKA.—This is indeed sudden.

CASTELLAN.—It is. It is now 4 A. M., and I expect him here at 5. At 5.30 A. M., the nuptials will take place.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.—My Lord, heven now a princely cavalcade can be distinguished by the naked hi in the far distance. [Points off Left.]

CASTELLAN.—It *must* be the Palatine. They have walked over from Warsaw before breakfast.

[Enter immediately the Palatine's Procession from Right. The PALATINE himself in a Tent Bedstead. MESSENGER suddenly points off Right. It is observed that the nobility of Poland wear their frocks fastened behind, and do not wash behind their ears.]

OLINSKA.—Ah me!

THE PALATINE (suddenly appearing from behind curtains of Tent Bed.)—Boh! 'Tis hi! [Awkward pause.]

OLINSKA (aside to Castellan.)—Go on, it's you.

CAST.—Eh? I think not.

GHOSTLY WHISPER.—My Lord, I THANK *you* for this honor!

CAST.—My Lord, I thank you for this honor.

PALATINE.—The orty Olinska w ll soon be my-ine!

CAST. (aside.)—This is going flat. (Aloud.)—We'd better get on with the toornymong.

[Grand toornymong. Knights in crumpled armer prod their horses with their swords, and engage. General triumph of everybody in turn, and all at the same time. Everybody crowned—no blanks.]

SCENE 2.—The PALATINE's private apartment.

PALATINE.—It were a right royal spectacle! But if the orty Castellan had spent less money on his toornymong, and more on furnishing his guests' chamber, it would have been better.

Enter MAZEPPA, cloaked and masked.

MAZEPPA.—I have come to kill thee.

PALATINE.—Does it not occur to you that this is an uncalled for liberty?

MAZEPPA.—It does. But no matter. There is a sword. Fight.

[PALATINE takes sword, fights, and is killed.

Enter EVERYBODY.

EVERYBODY.—'Tis Cassimir who killed him.

CAST.—Then tie him to the wild horse of Tartary!

MAZEPPA.—This is too awful. True, the horse is a compatriot, but to be lashed to his back! Ah, 'tis a fearful doom!

[Tableau.]

SCENE 3.—Eligible Building Plot in Poland. Attendants bringing in the wild horse. MAZEPPA is tied on to his back, all scream, and the horse trots off. Tableau.

ACT II. SCENE 1.—Tartary. Enter TARTAR SOLDIERS and THAMAR.

THAMAR.—The crown will one day be mine. Then I will buy a jacket that is [illegible] enough for [illegible].

Enter PEASANTS, screaming.

PEASANTS.—The wild horse of the Volpas! He is coming!

[The wild horse of the Volpas trots across the stage with MAZEPPA on his back.]

SCENE 2.—Another part of Tartary. Enter THAMAR.

THAMAR.—The crown *must* some day be mine. Then, ha! ha! a new helmet.

Enter PEASANTS.

PEASANT.—The wild horse of the Volpas!

COMIC PEASANT (to give a local coloring)—The wild 'orse of the Wollopers!

[Enter the wild horse of the Volpas as before. Shrub falls on him. Wild horse (a nervous animal) faints. Enter the KHAN.]

KHAN.—Ha! This is evidently my long lost son, Mazeppa. Twenty years ago, when only three weeks old, he ran away to Poland, and I have never seen him since. Bear him to my chamber!

THAMAR.—Then the crown will not be mine! But I will be avenged! The jacket and the helmet shall yet be mine!

KHAN.—Bring out the cheap Mazeppa banner that we've always kept in readiness for an event of this description!

[The Mazeppa banner ready emblazoned is brought forth with pomp. Tableau.]

SCENE 3.—Interior of KHAN's tent. MAZEPPA borne in senseless on a litter.

Enter KHAN.

KHAN.—My long lost son! I will take a nap!

[Goes to sleep on the floor. MAZEPPA wakes up.]

MAZEPPA.—Ha! Where am I? (Looks out of tent.) The name on the street corner says Tartary. Have I then ridden over from Poland, right through Russia into Tartary? It must be so! It must have taken me about eighteen months to accomplish the journey, and yet, although I have been tied hand and foot to a wild horse for that considerable time, and have had nothing to eat or drink, here I am beautifully clean and as fat as ever. A little more and it would have been almost miraculous. I will celebrate my deliverance by some appropriate gesticulation.

[Defies the lightning; overhears a conspiracy; ties his sandal; kills Abel; triumphs over Satan; impeaches Warren Hastings; salutes Cæsar, the emperor; bids farewell to all his greatness; carries off the Sabine Women; leaps into the Gulf in the Forum; orders off that bauble; rises from the sea; murders Rizzio and exit to see what sort of a night it is.

Enter THAMAR and CONSPIRATORS.

THAMAR.—Now to strike the bul-low that will make me master of Tartaria and a new suit! Die, thou aged Can!

[The KAHN starts up, defends himself and is almost overpowered when MAZEPPA comes to his rescue. The KAHN takes new courage and he and MAZEPPA finaly triumph over the whole body of conspirators. Tableau (MAZEPPA, KHAN.) "The meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo."]

MAZEPPA.—And now to conquer Poland!

KHAN (not unnaturally).—But why Poland?

MAZEPPA.—Because my Olinska, whom I love, is there.

KHAN (politely.)—Quite so! [Exeunt to conquer Poland.]

ACT III.—Poland. Preparations for marriage of the PALATINE.

Enter a COMIC AND INDELICATE SERVANT.

COMIC S.—Nearly everything I have to say has a double entendre, and I stagger about the stage as if intoxicated. My performance throughout this part is considered the *best imitation* of drunkenness ever seen in a British theatre. But where are the wandering Tartar acrobats who are to perform before the Mighty Palatine?

Enter the KHAN, MAZEPPA, and others, disguised.

MAZEPPA.—We are here! (Aside) To-day she is to be married to the Palatine. We are, as usual, just in time.

Enter OLINSKA, in high spirits, being about to be married to some one she hates.

MAZEPPA (aside).—Olinska—do not start—'tis I! We walked over from Tartary this morning. We were three hours crossing Russia.

OLINSKA.—My Cassimir!

THE CASTELLAN.—Let the a-sporruts commence.

[Enter thousands of sham acrobats, who take Poland by force of arms. Combats of two everywhere. Violent death of all OLINSKA's relations, and ecstacy of OLINSKA herself, who, we hope, will enjoy the change from civilized Poland to barbarian Tartary. Fires of all sorts, and triumph of Tartaria. Banners emblematic of the victory (always kept ready) produced at the moment of Poland's downfall. Flourish. Curtain.]

OURSELVES.—Fine old crusted absurdity; very well mounted, and always worth seeing. MAZEPPA's dresses in first and third acts worth (probably) millions; in second act, about fourpence-halfpenny.

BILLIARDS IN BRITAIN.—John Roberts (Champion), John North (Sheffield) played against J. Roberts, Jr., and W. Dufton in a four-handed match, 1,000 up even, at the Angel Hotel Rooms, Sheffield, Eng., on Nov. 1st. The champion's side appeared the weaker one, Mr. North having had the misfortune to break a finger on the previous day, though under these circumstances he performed creditably. North opened play with a miss, and Roberts, Jr., began very cautiously, and whenever a chance presented itself placed the balls so safely as to render it impossible for the champion (who was following player) to score. Dufton was similarly fixed, therefore Roberts, Jr., made the best breaks as a rule, although few heavy ones were scored, considering the strength of the players. Soon after the first 100 had been marked Roberts, Jr., and Dufton began to draw away and held their own throughout. Roberts, Jr., only gave the champion one chance to get in for a "jugger" through missing the top pocket off the red, and leaving both balls out of baulk. This, Roberts, sen., took advantage of, and went in for a fine break of 67, including fifteen spot strokes. Besides this he made a 39, but the remainder of his breaks were but for 11 and under. Roberts, jun., was decidedly the player of the evening, although neither he nor the others reached the champion's best break. His principal figures were 40, 46, 40, 28, and from a score downwards his regular play was instrumental in bringing his side considerably ahead. Dufton's average breaks included nothing extraordinary, although at one time he had the balls well up for the spot stroke, and managed ten or eleven. Beyond the teens, and one or two score breaks, he did not figure only as above to large numbers. North managed 36, 45 and 40, but in many instances appeared outplayed. Towards the conclusion of the match, it was a very one-sided affair, and shortly after half-past twelve the marker called "game" for Messrs. J. Roberts, jun., and Dufton, the champion and Mr. North only reaching 761, or 240 points in the rear of their opponents.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30 1 67.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

G. W., Chicago.—1. The "Orange Girl" was written by Charles W. Tayler, and was played at the opening of the New Bowery Theatre, in this city, Sept. 5, 1859. The bills state that it was produced for the first time. We cannot inform you when it was performed at Barnum's Old Museum. We have no recollection of having ever seen a piece by the same name written by Henry Leslie, of London, Eng. 2. T. Placide was lessee of the New Orleans Varieties the season of 1858-9. 3. Ada Clifton and Ida Vernon were both in the company at Niblo's Garden, in this city, during the summer season of 1858.

RED HOT, Baltimore, Md.—1. McCoole having barred nobody in his challenge, and the championship on the other side the pond having about fizzled out, the present match between Coburn and McCoole will be regarded as for the Championship of the World. 2. The fight between Collyer and Kelly is for the Light Weight Championship. No likelihood of the other parties coming together. 3. Collyer. 4. Never heard of Tom Montgomery ever having fought in the ring.

JAKE.—1. In the match with Dexter on the Fashion Course, L. I., June 21st, the first and second heats were taken by Ethan Allen and mate in 2:15 and 2:16 respectively. 2. In the second heat of the same race Dexter's time, taken independently and by the judges themselves, was 2:16¼, but this does not go upon the record. Dexter's fastest recorded time is 2:17¼, made in harness.

E. L. M., Madison Barracks, N. Y.—"A and B are playing six card cribbage. A holds four tens, and plays but one of them, B playing all his cards, leaving A to play three tens. Now does A make six points, and the last play, or does he count eight points and the last play?"......A was entitled to nine points in all, viz., two for a pair, six for pair-royal, and one for last card.

W. H. H.—As you purchased tickets with coupons for Monday evening, we cannot see that you can claim admission on them for another evening, even though you did not use them on the evening specified. Had you purchased regular tickets, instead of seats, of course your tickets would secure you admission on any evening. We give this merely as our opinion.

SPORT, Pittsburgh, Pa.—In the billiard match between Kavanagh and Foley, the night previous to the famous one between Phelan and Seereiter at Detroit, Mich., the former of which took place on April 11th, 1859, Foley needed 297 points to go when Kavanagh made his run of 177. Foley's biggest run after this, 25. He did not make as many as 30.

CHARLES, Willet's Point.—1. He was advertised to play in Providence by a speculating manager, but owing to some misunderstanding did not play. The money received at the box office was returned to the audience. 2. If you send the letter to this office we can advertise it for the lady, who will then write for it.

W. H. S., Baltimore, Md.—"At cribbage, A plays a four, B a tray, A a five, and takes three holes; B a six and takes four holes; A a seven, and takes five holes. The question is, can B come in with a tray and take a sequence?"......No, for, as you will see by laying down the cards as played, the four is shut out by the first tray. A deuce could have been played and counted in.

INQUIRER.—1. Section 3, Article III, of the Constitution confers power to prescribe punishment for treason on Congress. You will find the law in Wharton's Criminal Law. 2. The pay of Gen. Grant is about $19,000. It varies—in time of war more, in time of peace vice versa.

A. B. AND C., Boston.—B, having previously won a game, takes the prize; the third game being won by the two, each man scoring points sufficient to put him out, C cannot deprive B of his right to score a second game.

C. A. H., Boston.—1. The lady will appear in your city early in March. 2. See our Dramatic Summary each week as to her whereabouts. 3. Born in this city, and is thirty-four years of age. 4. She resides in all the principal cities.

JENKS, St. Louis.—1. The lady is married to a gentleman in the mercantile business in Boston. 2. Ben De Bar is considered the best in the West or South. 3. We are not advised of Mr. Hackett's future movements.

KENO.—1. He is at present a member of Wallack's Theatre company. 2. Edwin made his first appearance on the stage in Philadelphia at the old South Street Theatre. 3. Billy Emerson and Johnny Thompson are considered the best in the business.

A. B. C.—All managers of traveling shows give newspaper editors from four to six complimentary tickets. When the show remains in a town more than one night, the number given is in proportion to length of stay.

Mc. & Co., Reading.—1. Magoozler never made 2:12, either at Philadelphia or any other place. 2. We cannot tell you what a bull terrier of the kind named is worth; you had better write to Harry Jennings, Portland street, Boston, and inquire.

RUMEY, Cincinnati, O.—1. Next week. 2. We presume the party that wrote the article had such an impression. 3. Jack Randall was one of the most successful, fighting sixteen battles and winning them all. 4. No.

J. R. P., Chicago.—"A and B are playing partners, in a game of euchre, against C and D. A deals, plays it alone, and gets euchred. How many points do his adversaries score?"...... Two points.

G. H. D., Washington, D. C.—"In a game of euchre, A and B are partners against C and D; A plays it alone; C plays it with him, and takes three tricks, or euchres A. Does C count four or two?"..... Two.

SMITTY, Providence, R. I.—Dexter's best time is 2:17¼ in harness. He has trotted in 2:16¾, but it being a losing heat, the time does not go upon the record.

WM. O'B.—The fastest mile time on record was made by Lang in a dead heat with Richards, viz., 4 minutes 17¼ seconds at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., August 19, 1865.

J. R. C., Tecumseh.—The company has closed up and the manager is at present at his home in Philadelphia. The lady you mention was with his troupe.

R. B.—The fastest one mile time on record was made by Lang, in a dead heat with Richards, at Manchester, Eng., viz., 4 minutes 17¼ seconds.

J. W. W., Baltimore.—The first time on record of the fifth of a second having been marked in timing a horse was when Dexter trotted his great match against time.

J. K., Chelsea.—No. He was named after a gentleman of this city, Mr. Dexter Bradford, a personal friend of the former owner of the horse.

G. R., Lewiston, Me.—We do not know any work on the breeding and training of game fowl. Cooper's work on the subject is out of print.

T. A.—The national debt of Great Britain is eighty millions of pounds sterling, or four hundred millions of dollars—more rather than less.

A FRIEND.—Dick Hollywood, 13½ Oliver street, is engaged in teaching the science. Don't know of any one else further up town.

HOBOKEN.—"In playing seven up, both parties having two to go, A makes high, game, B low, Jack. Which goes out first?" ......Low, Jack.

DIXIE, Louisville.—We cannot see how we can give you any other reply than that already given; the money had better be drawn.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORS, Albany.—1. Where B orders up, C cannot play it alone. 2. If C fails to take three tricks, he loses nothing, as he did not order it up.

B. A. C., Washington, D. C.—"B and C are playing at cribbage; C plays a six, B an eight, C a seven, B a four, and C a five. Cannot C claim a sequence of five?"......Yes.

HARRY STEWART, St. Louis.—The letter we advertised for Harry Stewart has been written for by three persons of the same name.

G. G. B., New Haven.—A school for preparing ladies and gentlemen for the stage will open in this city the latter part of next month.

YOUNG SPORT, Ulster County.—Cooper's work is out of print. Hoyle's book of games contains a very fair article on the subject; you can get it of almost any bookseller.

C. J. DONOHUE, Lewiston, Me.—The edition for 1866 is exhausted. The next will be issued in a few months. The price is $2 per copy.

CINCINNATUS, Cincinnati, O.—1. Andy Marsden defeated O'Baldwin in 3 rounds 3½ minutes, at Tring, Oct. 21, 1863. 2. It was.

A. M. BROWN, Chicago, Ill.—1. From November 18th until December 23d, 1865, inclusive. 2. Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, this city.

J. D. C., Albany.—Yes; your hand is foul and the dealer is entitled to the pot. You should look out and see that you have the proper number of cards given you by the dealer.

THOS. DALRYMPLE, Chillicothe, O.—John Grindell nor any other man ever ran ten miles in forty-five minutes.

W. T. J., Media.—The official returns have not yet been published.

J. F. M.—1. About ten miles. 2. J. B. Denniker, of the San Francisco Minstrels.

JIMMY ELLIOTT, Cleveland, O.—We never divulge the names of correspondents.

LET ALL OBEY.—The correct quotation is "All people were for pleasure born."

KATE F., Vineland.—The letter was sent to Philadelphia on the 15th inst., in the envelope which you sent to us.

J. B.—You are correct in your opinion in reference to the matter; it will be remedied.

CONSTANT READER, Hartford, Conn.—Taking three tricks euchres him, and gives the adversaries two points.

PITTSBURGH.—Don't send a dollar, as you will be that much out of pocket.

SPORT, Bridgeport, Conn.—That between Jem Smith and James Kelly, lasting 6 hours and 15 minutes, in Australia, 1855.

ROCK.—1. He went to England expressly to fight Mace. 2. It was not the same man.

READER, Boston, Mass.—Dexter's 2:17¼ was made in harness, and not with a running mate.

C. H. H., Washington.—You lose, as Butler never made better than 2:18. His best time was 2:21, under saddle.

M. L., Hazel Green, Wis.—There is no record of fast time made by horses walking.

JAS. QUINN, Princetown, Ind.—1. We haven't time to make purchases for correspondents. 2. Can't tell you.

H. B. K., Milwaukee.—There is no such paper published in New Orleans.

J. H. DAVIS, Cambridgeport.—One mile and seventeen yards, by Gladiateur, in 1 minute and 39 seconds.

J. B. FARLEY, Cincinnati, O.—He has five chances.

A. W. AND T. W.—He is considered a good light comedian.

A. B., Boston.—Eliza is playing star engagements in the West.

READER.—It will cost the next man double the straddle.

F. F. H.—We have no right to give passes, and never do it.

PHIL MCCLINK, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. He was not. 2. Coburn has fought three times, a draw with Ned Price and beat Harry Gribben and Mike McCoole. 3. Mace was born at Beeston, Eng., and was beaten by Tom King and Bob Brettle. 4. O'Baldwin was born in County Waterford, Ireland, and was defeated by Marsden. 5. In Benicia, Cal. 6. Jones has fought once in this country. 7. Lazarus was beaten by Owen Swift and Atkinson. 8. The Morrissey and Poole rough and tumble occurred on Amos street dock, July 29, 1854, and Poole had the best of it. 9. The Unions, of Morrisania.

B. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. Fitz John Porter was tried by court martial in January, 1863, and cashiered and forbidden from ever holding any office of trust or profit under the U. S. Government. The charges against him were preferred by Gen. Pope for his (Porter's) delinquency in the series of battles immediately preceding that of the second Bull Run, which took place on August 30th, 1862. 2. It is not in order to call any other flesh than that of deer, venison.

BOTHER, Boston, Mass.—1. Section 3, Article III, of the Constitution of the United States, confers the power to prescribe punishment of treason on Congress. For additional particulars see answer to another correspondent; see also Wharton's Criminal Law. 2. In the billiard question, A was right; for, although B's ball was "frozen" to the dark red, he could have played on some other ball first.

A. E. W.—1. No doubt you could get them by advertising. 2. There is a book published called the "Life of Lola Montez," which can be had at any large book store in Nassau street. 3. We cannot furnish you with a copy of the CLIPPER containing the biography of Menken. 4. John Wilkes Booth made his debut as Richmond in "Richard III." 5. A letter sent to the Princess' Theatre, London, will reach Agnes Robertson.

BOB BRIERLY.—1. The scenic artists of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre are Schell and Seavy; of Wallack's, H. Isherwood and B. H. Halley; the Broadway does not, we believe, employ scenic artists by the season, but gets its work done by jobs. Charles Hawthorne, Russell Smith and G. W. Dayton occasionally work for the establishment. 2. An apprentice's salary is about fifteen dollars a week.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—The time given by the judges in the race between Coulter and Jackson was 38:20, which, being official, must be received as correct, although outsiders made it about twenty seconds more.

G. H. P.—According to your statement the "house" was wrong in its ruling. Nos. 7 and 8 were tied, and should have thrown off to determine the pool.

R. R. H.—We know of no really good spot for choice sport and accommodation to suit on the island; its glory has mostly departed. You will probably have to look further.

O. H. O., Fort Leavenworth.—Nothing having been said about how many men were to play, or who they were, A wins the bet.

W. W., Bridgeport.—1. They played two games. 2. Atlantics won one game.

MACK, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Drop a line to one of our book advertisers.

CORRESPONDING WILL, Fon Du Lac, Wis.—McDevitt is considered the better of the two at nursing the balls.

E. T. STETSON, Owego, N. Y.—Charles Westhall's eight miles in one hour and two minutes is the fastest on record.

L. MEAD, Syracuse, N. Y.—Charles Westhall walked 10 miles in 1 hour and 26 minutes, the fastest time on record.

J. H. R., Washington.—Peter was born May 19, 1797. The lady was born in England in 1833.

JOHN BELCHER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Sayers was not confined to weight. 2. No.

W. B. P., Woonsocket.—Several parties advertise them in this issue of the CLIPPER.

LATHY.—B and his horse having crossed the bridge in the customary manner, A loses the bet.

BOATMAN, Bordentown, N. J.—The Democrats carried the State by about 50,000 majority.

MASON, Tiffin, O.—Jas. Kennovan walked 106 hours without rest.

W. G. D., St. Louis, Mo.—B was entitled to the pool.

S. D., Cleveland.—The ace is entitled to deal.

G. W. M., Davenport.—Your items will be acceptable.

B. C., Fort Sully.—All right; drop in.

H. B. B., Baltimore.—See answer to C. A. H., Boston.

J. W. F.—Barney was born in Cork, Ireland, of Irish parents.

BOWSMAN, Philadelphia.—See answer to "Inquirer."

OYSTERS, Baltimore, Md.—Admiral D. G. Farragut.

AD. STREET, Troy, N. Y.—A frigate.

A MUSKETEER.—As neither man hit the target the bet is a draw.

LOITERER, Chicago.—We shall be pleased to hear from you.

BIG MATCH.

It will be seen by an article in another column that the valiant Michael McCoole and the redoubtable Joseph Coburn have signed articles of agreement to meet each other in the Magic Circle "all in the month of May." The match is for a heavy stake, viz: ten thousand dollars—as large a sum as was ever fought for. To say that the meeting of two such men will create a great excitement throughout the country is but to speak the truth; for, though some of the papers may decry the Prize Ring and its adherents, it cannot be denied that people really like to read and hear of pugilistic affairs, and a daily paper is now voted tame and spiritless if its columns are not seasoned with the latest news of "the Ring," both political and fistical. Business men relish their breakfast better when their morning paper tells them of what is passing in the sporting world, and publishers are fully observant of this fact, for they take particular pains to secure the latest intelligence of that sort for the edification of their patrons, and though such items contain many errors, yet they serve until the CLIPPER greets them with its regular course of official, and therefore reliable news of the sports and pastimes of the people. The mere announcement of the signing of articles by McCoole and Coburn has set the sports in a flutter, and every Thomas, Richard and Henry has something to say upon the subject. It was rumored during the past week—before the fact had been announced that McCoole and Coburn had affixed their signatures to the "articles"—that John C. Heenan would enter the lists with Michael in the event of his being unable to come to terms with Joseph. It may have had some foundation in fact, but we cannot vouch for it. Coburn will have no easy task in his "dispute" with McCoole, and therefore he will do well to lead an abstemious life—go to bed betimes, shun the flowing bowl, give a wide berth to the allurements of the softer sex, take proper exercise, and so forth. Sir Michael will do well to benefit by the same advice, and get in good practice with the gloves.

THANKSGIVING AND THE HOLIDAYS.—Thursday, November 28th, has been set apart by "the man at the other end of the Avenue" as a day of Thanksgiving, praise, and general stuffing, when "every man is expected to do his duty" at the church or dinner table, and refresh his wearied appetite with luxurious provender. That there will be a great deal of guzzling, gormandizing and swilling sandwiched in with our thanks offerings, admits of but little doubt; in fact, the thanks will come up scattering, we fear. Speaking of appetites reminds us that the holidays are coming. Already do we imagine our nostrils titilated with the savory odor of sage, while time will soon present us visions of well stuffed turkeys; of aldermanic plum puddings, raisin' our hopes and expectations, and creating dissatisfaction with the slow current of events. And, the gaily decked stores, filled with all the pretty and useful things which help to make our childhood's days so happy, already begin to rejoice the heart of "the youthful scion of a noble house" while depleting the currency holders of venerable parents. Ah! its the good time coming, sure enough. But we must not anticipate. "Sufficient unto the day," etc. Let us give thanks on Thursday, in obedience to the mandates of the man who dates his proclamation in the City of Magnificent Distances, and leaves the Constitution in the hands of the people.

THE FIRST SKATE OF THE SEASON.—The first skating, like the inevitable first shad, has come and gone. Sir John Frost paid us a visit on the night of Tuesday, Nov. 19, and the following morning the ponds in the upper part of the city presented a glassy surface to the devotees of the exhilarating sport. But the stay of the Ice King was of short duration. Old Sol served an injunction on his majesty during Wednesday, and much to the regret of his friends, Sir J. F. melted and disappeared from their view; the skating, although it did not last long, was sufficient to inaugurate the season of 1867-8, which, from all appearances, promises to be as brilliant as any that has preceded it.

DICKENS.—Charles Dickens is in Boston, and the rage to see him is as great as it used to be to see an escaped slave when he made his appearance in that city. It may not be generally known that the novelist visits the United States to read entirely on his own account, having refused the offers of all local speculators. A New York manager, we are told, offered Mr. Dickens $1,000 per reading for fifty readings in the Northern States, but he thought he could do much better by going it alone. The two-legged donkeys who played horse for Charles when he was here before, are greasing their joints for another effort in that line.

BETTING ON BUTCHERING.—A bet has been made between two Washington Market butchers, we understand, Messrs. Morser and Harrington, the former offering to produce three men who are to kill and dress 125 sheep on time against two men to be named by Harrington; the latter to kill and dress the same number. The sum invested is $1,000 a side, and was to have taken place on the 25th inst., at Jersey City.

A PECUNIARY PEDESTRIAN PROPOSITION.—A tax collector in Cincinnati offers to walk further and collect less money than any other man in Porkopolis, for $500 a side. His energies are not likely to be taxed.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—A controversy has arisen in Paris among the critics in regard to the ballet, some of them favoring more freedom of manner and less clothing, while others go in for less abandon and more drapery.

DR. JACOB RABINEAU, an old typo, and afterwards proprietor of the Swimming Baths at the Battery and elsewhere, died in this city on the 21st inst.

GOOD SPOT FOR GUNNERS.—The hunting grounds of Estill, Madison, and adjoining counties in Kentucky, are said to be swarming with deer, rabbits, partridges, and to contain not a few bears also.

A HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS is to be opened at 40 New Bowery, on Thanksgiving Day, when the little wanderers are to be treated to a suitable lunch, and a big dinner for 1,000 from 3 to 5 o'clock. The charitably disposed are invited.

PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.—A mass meeting is to be held at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening, 26th inst., to take action in the matter of protecting American citizens abroad.

A SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT is announced to take place at the Swimming Academy, corner of Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue, on Thanksgiving Evening, 28th inst.

GONE.—D. W. Fiske, chess player, sailed recently for Egypt, where he proposes to take a look at the Nile, and solve some Egyptian problems.

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN INJURED.—The Emperor of Austria made his shoulder black and blue by shooting too much in Napoleon's preserves.

SKATING has commenced in Connecticut, and at Hartford the lads had exercise on the sliding irons on the 19th inst.

THE RING.

THE SENSATION MATCH OF THE AGE

FOR THE

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP AND $10,000,

BETWEEN

JOSEPH COBURN, OF NEW YORK,

AND

MICHAEL McCOOLE, OF ST. LOUIS.

Articles of Agreement Signed Monday, Nov. 18th.

The Rubicon is passed! The expectations of the sanguine have been realized, the croakings of the skeptical have proven groundless, and doubt has been superseded by certainty. After weeks of anxiety and suspense, the mind of the sporting public, which has been tortured by conflicting emotions of hope and fear, has finally been set at rest by the announcement that the rival heavy weights of the East and West, Joe Coburn, ex-champion, and Mike McCoole, his quondam opponent, have affixed their signatures to articles of agreement, by the stipulations of which they bind themselves to do battle with nature's weapons, six months from date, for the princely sum of *ten thousand dollars*, the largest amount ever fought for, save and except in the Hyer-Sullivan match, which was for the same sum in the coin of the realm. The rivals met at Chicago on the 18th, Coburn having gone there the week previous to set-to for Fred. Bussy, McCoole going on for the purpose of seconding Duffy—from which it would seem that the fates conspired to bring about the event—and so Mike's desire of meeting Joseph ere signing the protocol was gratified. The news came so suddenly and unexpectedly that many questioned the authenticity of the published articles, but on the 21st inst., the original document came to hand, when all doubt was at an end, for there's no mistaking the bold signature of the McCoole, which furnishes an excellent index to the character of the man. We herewith present the articles, which everybody will peruse with avidity:

We, Joseph Coburn and Mike McCoole, do hereby enter into an agreement to meet and fight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, and to be strictly governed thereby, at a point within fifty miles of the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, A. D. 1868, both parties to be informed of time and place of meeting ten days before the time thereof. We do hereby confirm and endorse this agreement by placing in the hands of Frank Queen, of the city of New York, our first deposit of one thousand dollars each; the second deposit of two thousand dollars each to be placed in the hands of said Frank Queen, who is hereby declared the final stakeholder, on Monday, the second day of March, 1868; and the third and last deposit of two thousand dollars each to be placed in the hands of said Frank Queen, stakeholder, on Thursday, the second day of April, A.D. 1868—Joseph Coburn to have the choice of ground, but he hereby agrees to notify the said Mike McCoole thereof ten days before the time of the battle. The ropes and stakes are to be purchased, and the expenses thereof to be equally divided between the parties to this agreement; both parties shall share equally in the profits and expenses of the excursion train to the scene of the fight. Referee to be chosen on the ground, and in case of any magisterial interference he shall name the time and place for the next meeting. Both parties making this agreement to appear in the ring between the hours of twelve noon and three P. M. on the 27th day of May, 1868. The party failing to appear shall forfeit all claims to the battle money.

Signed and witnessed this 18th day of November, 1867.

Witness, HENRY McDERMOTT, DENNIS O'BRIEN.
JOSEPH COBURN, MICHAEL McCOOLE.

ANOTHER SENSATION MATCH MADE

BETWEEN

YOUNG BARNEY AARON AND JIM COLLINS' UNKNOWN,

AT 120 LBS., FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Aside from the long-pending championship match between Coburn and McCoole, the sporting public have just been furnished with a fresh and eagerly received theme of conversation and discussion in the match made last week between the ex-champion of the light-weights, Barney Aaron, and Jim Collins' Unknown. Barney having got wind of the rumor, alluded to in our last issue, that an offer was to be made by Dan Noble to match a Novice against him at Peter Morris' exhibition on the 19th inst., took time by the forelock, and remarking from the stage that he understood such was the case, stated that he would reconsider his determination never to enter the ring again, and would fight "any man in the world at 120 lbs. for $2,500 a side." Collins at once closed with him, and after the show was over an adjournment was had to the Gem, where temporary articles were drawn up, stipulating to fight at said weight and for said sum, to which the proper signatures were affixed, duly witnessed, and $100 a side placed in the hands of Jem Colbert as a forfeit. Permanent articles are to be signed on the 30th inst., when the deposits will be increased to $500 a side at the same place. The match has occasioned a deal of flutter in sporting circles here, and speculation is rife as to who the unknown will turn out to be, some mentioning one and some another, and all advancing apparently conclusive arguments in support of their opinions; the most generally received idea, however, is that the coming man is a promising young east-sider who has never figured in the arena as yet, but possesses the necessary qualifications to make a first-class boxer. As Collins is at liberty to name who he pleases at that weight it may be that he will not select the one now in his mind's eye. At all events it will take a hummer to beat Barney at that weight.

THE COLLYER-KELLY MATCH

FOR THE

LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AND $1,000 A SIDE.

THE BATTLE GROUND—PROSPECTS OF A QUIET MILL.

On this (Tuesday) morning, 26th inst., the important and interesting match between those tried, skillful and courageous young boxers, Billy Kelly, of this city, and Sam Collyer, of Baltimore, both of whom have figured with credit in the squared circle before, will reach a culminating point "way down in Ole Virginny," and, barring accident or other untoward event, ere the sun sinks in the West the battle will have been lost and won, satisfactorily settling, we trust, the mooted question of which of the twain is the better man in a conflict with the naked fists. Collyer's final instalment of $300 came to hand by express on the 21st inst., and Kelly's was made good before the designated time on the afternoon of the 23d inst., much to the relief of a number of his friends, who called at our office to witness the putting up the last deposit, discussing the affair, find out who all were going to take it in, and obtain whatever information they could preparatory to starting on the journey. This made up the whole amount of $1,000 a side, which was in the hands of the final stakeholder by 8 o'clock P. M., same day.

We paid a visit to Kelly's training quarters one day last week, and found him looking well and full of confidence, having been brought down from 154lbs, to 124½—which he weighed on the 21st instant—by the severest kind of training, which, although cheerfully submitting to, he evidently did'nt relish a bit. Cusick and Grindell deserve great credit for bringing him into such superb condition. He took his final sweat on the 23d, and on the evening of the 24th, left, in company with his trainers, Jem Colbert, Mike Costello, Barney Aaron and a pretty fair delegation of sports from the metropolis and Brooklyn, for Baltimore. He will, in all likelihood, be seconded by Aaron and Cusick, and have Jim Coburn for umpire. Collyer has kept himself quite secluded at a farm house close by Towsontown, Md., under the experienced mentorship of Johnny Newell, the pedestrian and boxer, who thoroughly understands his business, and possesses excellent judgment withal. For some days past, Sam has had the benefit of the services of Johnny Roche, of this city, in addition to Newell. He did'nt have as much flesh to get rid of as Billy, and consequently by lighter work had reduced his avoirdupois to the prescribed limit nearly two weeks since. He, too, was in fine trim, and possessed the utmost faith in his ability to pull the affair off. He will have Johnny Roche, and, probably, Newell, as esquires.

In the betting—of which, however, but little will be done until the ground is reached—Collyer is the favorite both here and in Baltimore and Washington, the impression being that Kelly hasn't got the stamina and powers of endurance with which his opponent is endowed, and that this, added to Collyer's experience, must bear down the scale in the Baltimorean's favor. Still, Billy, in his battles with McAuliffe and Grady, exhibited good points, and the arguments advanced by his more enthusiastic adherents may be found to be characterized by sound logic. At all events, a desperate battle may reasonably be expected, and both men are in splendid fix, are game to the backbone, will take a deal of punishment without grumbling, and depend more on muscle than science. The battle ground, owing to the recent orders of Gen. Schofield, has been changed from Acquia Creek to Briar's, a point in the Old Dominion about forty miles distant from Baltimore, on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. We understand that arrangements have been made which will prevent molestation by the authorities, and a boat had been chartered by a prominent sport, of Baltimore, which was to leave the foot of Frederic street for a "moonlight excursion down the bay at 8 o'clock P. M. on the 25th inst. Tickets $5. Meals and refreshments on board at moderate rates." A strong deputation was expected to go from Baltimore and the Capitol. The CLIPPER has a reporter on the ground, and our readers may rely upon having a full and reliable report in our next issue. We close by reiterating the oft-expressed wish that the best man may win, and no after-claps occur.

ARREST OF COLLYER.

Just before going to press we received the subjoined telegram. As it was not the intention to fight in Maryland the arrest will have no effect on the battle:

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25, 1867.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: Collyer was arrested and held in five thousand dollars bail not to fight in Maryland. Both men weighed and were within the stipulated weight. The excursion starts to night for Virginia shore. WM. LINDSAY.

FIGHT FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS

BETWEEN

FRED. BUSSY, OF CHICAGO, AND ANDY DUFFY, OF ST. LOUIS.

FOUGHT AT ROBERTSDALE STATION, NOVEMBER 20.

BUSSY WINS AFTER FIGHTING 135 ROUNDS IN 101¼ MINUTES.

The eagerly looked-for mill between Andy Duffy, of Missouri, and Fred Bussy, of Illinois, for one thousand dollars a side, was brought off without disturbance or interference of any kind at Robertsdale Station, about sixteen miles distant from the Garden City, on the line of the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne railroad, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 20th inst. Full details will be found below:—

THE MEN.

Fred. Bussey, previous to the present match, has been entirely unknown in the pugilistic world, never having before appeared in the squared circle, although he has figured in a number of rough turn-ups, generally coming off with credit to himself. He has resided in Chicago for some time, and by his quiet, unassuming manner, has gained many friends, who evinced their faith in his courage and endurance by backing him against a man who in science far excelled him, and who had had considerable experience in the ring. Fred. had a huge benefit in Chicago on the night of the 23d, Joe Coburn having gone on expressly to wind up with him and give him some necessary advice.

Andy Duffy first saw the pale face of the Queen of Night in the "Gim of the Say," stands 5 feet 10½ inches, or thereabouts, and is twenty-three years old in his stocking feet, as Barney Kennedy would say. He crossed the bounding billows of the Atlantic at an early age, and since his arrival here has figured principally in the Mississippi Valley, where he has made many friends. His first recorded battle was with Peter Joyce, and took place near the Crescent City, where both men were then sojourning, on Jan. 25, 1867, the battle being decided in Andy's favor after fighting fourteen rounds, Joyce's thumb and finger being broken. His friends were so well pleased with his performance on this occasion that they matched him against Jim Turner, who fought Frawley, Tom King and others, and the battle was successfully brought off on the Metiarie Course, near New Orleans, April 29, 1867, for a purse of $200, at catch weight. In all 176 rounds were fought in 177 minutes when the decision was given in favor of Turner. This was Duffy's last appearance in the ring up to the present time.

THE CROWD TO SEE IT.

Ever since the articles were signed a vast amount of interest has been manifested in the match by the sporting public of the cities from whence they hail, and, as was expected, the crowd to see it was quite large. The speculation upon the result was lively, Duffy holding first place, owing to his experience in the ring, and admittedly superior science, the odds averaging about 6 to 4. The excitement was augmented when it was known that Coburn and McCoole, who had just affixed their sign manuals to articles for a championship fight would certainly be in the corners of the men on the day, which fact increased the importance of the battle, and decided many to go who would otherwise have remained at home, among them not a few of the most prominent denizens of Chicago, who were attracted more out of curiosity than anything else. A special train of thirteen cars, crowded to repletion by a heterogeneous, though orderly assemblage, departed from the depot of the P. F. W. & C. R. R. at an early hour in the morning, arrangements having been made which ensured all taking passage immunity from magisterial interference, and even a few members of the force were scattered through the crowd, though minus their uniform, as anxious to see the fun as anybody else. After a long ride back and forward on the road, great difficulty being experienced in finding a suitable *locale*, a halt was made at Robertsdale Station, where a beautiful spot was chosen in a meadow adjoining the track. The order "all out" was given, and right glad were the boys to hear it and quick to respond. The ropes and stakes were at once transferred to the ground, and volunteers being plentiful, the ring was speedily erected and the crowd disposed themselves in positions to see the sport.

THE MEN, SECONDS, REFEREE, ETC.

After waiting impatiently a considerable length of time Duffy's cady was observed sailing into the enclosure, the owner following immediately, and being greeted with a volley of cheers, which plainly showed that his friends were in the ascendancy. A few moments later Bussy chucked in his beaver and leaped nimbly over the ropes, being also well received. Andy was esquired by Mike McCoole and Dennis O'Brien, Bussy being waited upon by Jerry Donovan and Frank Nye, *alias* "Dutch Frank." It was intended to have had Joe Coburn for one of Bussy's attendants, but on second thought they considered that he would be of greater benefit as adviser, and for that purpose the ex-champion took up a position in Fred's corner. The umpires were Jack Looney for Duffy, and Jack McCann for his opponent. The usual delay occurred in the selection of a referee, many being called but none chosen, one party or t'other objecting, until Nick Geary, the backer of Fitzgerald when he fought Dorney, was named, and being suitable to both sides, and not averse to accepting the office, that matter was satisfactorily adjusted. With the selection of Capt. Hayman as time-keeper, all the necessary offices had been filled, and the principals proceeded to remove their superfluous toggery. Duffy had for his colors a green silk, with the harp of Erin in the centre in white, while Bussy was represented by one almost the same, the only difference being that the colors were reversed and an American flag in each corner added. The colors having been tied to the stake in front of the referee, and Bussy having won the toss for corners, the men advanced to the centre, shook hands and stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The spectators critically scrutinized the rivals as they "struck an attitude" in the centre of the circle. Duffy, although the favorite, did not strip as well as had been anticipated, appearing to have been overtrained, and exhibiting a lack of that muscular power apparent in the physique of his opponent, whose well-knit frame, well-developed shoulders and arms, and stout underpinning, impressed everybody most favorably. A few moments were spent in sparring for a gap, Bussy finally taking the initiative and landing a pretty one on the face, which brought about a series of rapid exchanges, Duffy getting home a one, two, sharp on the chin and left eye, Fred. planting a right-handed rasper on the spinal column, Duffy dropping. First blood claimed for Andy, but not allowed. Time, 1 minute 40 seconds.

2. But little time was wasted in fiddling. Bussy turning neatly aside a vicious left-handed shot aimed at his physog, and rushing to close quarters, returned with his left on the ear, followed by a rally at the ropes, sharp fibbing, a clinch, Duffy again dropping, after delivering with force on the nose.

3. Fred was first to show at the mark, and, anxious to commence the work, dashed in, catching Andy heavily on the nose and chin, receiving a nasty counter on the cheek, followed by a second on the same spot, and in return for having shot on the neck, napping another on the facial promontory. Bussy, desirous of faster work, dashed to a close, and in the half-arm rally at the ropes Duffy was pounded down. Betting even, as it was evident that Bussy's superior physical power would more than counterbalance Andy's science.

4. Duffy, eager for the fray, got to work at once, planting a stinger on the ribs, and getting in return a slight tap on the eye. Andy retaliated by a smashing hit on Bussy's left eye, drawing first blood, and puffing that optic up extensively. A clinch followed, and in the struggle for the fall Duffy was under.

5 to 10. These rounds were all short, though very severe, the punishment upon both sides being about equal, and Andy getting down at the termination of every round, for which he was hissed and groaned at by the crowd, who didn't admire such shifty tactics, although it was Duffy's best hold to avoid punishment.

11. Fred's right eye was fearfully swollen and bleeding profusely, while Andy wasn't as yet dyed with the crimson fluid, although his flesh was pretty much discolored, and lumps were visible on different parts of his body. After a few rapid exchanges, Duffy on the face and Bussy on the chin and ribs, they closed, Duffy getting his opponent in chancery, holding him until his face had become black, and then going down underneath.

12 to 29. Bussy's left optic gone up in a balloon, though he was still as strong on his pins and as lively as ever. Their blows had plenty of steam in 'em, but they were few and far between. Andy going to gravel whenever he could do so legitimately.

30 to 57. But one blow was exchanged in any of the rounds, Bussy trying to rush matters, which Andy prevented by going down. The feeling of those at the ring side was strongly manifested in Bussy's favor, and repeated calls were made upon Duffy to stand up and fight.

58. Bussy attempted to force the fighting, as he had done all along, and Duffy dropped without a blow being struck, for which foul was claimed by Bussy's friends. The ring was nearly broken in, and while the umpires were clamoring, time was called and Bussy rushed into Duffy's corner, the latter responding with a slap in his face and fell. The umpires were still quarreling when time again was called, and the men went to work amid great confusion. Duffy punished in the face and went down.

59 to 83. Duffy continued the tactics pursued from the beginning, Bussy having the best of the fighting, and planting a number of stinging hits, which, together with his skipping, was rapidly knocking the wind out of Duffy. In the 79th round the latter again fell without a blow, which produced great excitement, and brought out a volley of hisses, but the referee again disallowed the claim of foul put in by Bussy's umpire. While it lasted the fighting was severe.

84. Bussy's face rapidly swelling; left eye closed with repeated visitations round the right optic; left cheek and mouth bleeding profusely. Duffy without marks and fresh as a daisy, now changed his tactics on the advice of McCoole, who thought Bussy could soon be played out; fighting severe; Duffy striking on the face and Bussy countering on the body.

85 to 119. Rattling exchanges at short range; both hitting wildly; Bussy much the strongest, kept his right eye sound in spite of Duffy's efforts to close it. Duffy came up groggy, and avoided punishment. He went under in a clinch, and Bussy fell heavily on him.

In the 116th Duffy rushed in and punished Bussy's swollen face. Bussy down.

120. Bussy rushed across to Duffy's corner, determined to finish him as soon as possible, and delivered a tremendous blow on the back, as the latter turned to avoid, sending him staggering against the ropes, when Andy slipped down.

121 to 126. Duffy went in and did some good slogging, using both hands on Fred's right eye, in the closing of which his only chance of achieving the victory lay. He succeeded in getting in with effect all around it, but failed to touch the lamp. Bussy invested heavily on the ribs and neck, and threw his antagonist in the clinch every time.

127 to 134. It was now a foregone conclusion in Bussy's favor, for although he showed greater signs of punishment than his antagonist, he was still much the stronger, and the betting was at long odds upon him with very few takers, and those only relying upon accident for success. In the 127th round a few light exchanges were capped by a powerful blow on the neck, which sent Duffy to grass instanter. This was the only real knock down during the fight, and it was thought would put a quietus upon the unlucky recipient, but he came up gamely during the next seven rounds only to receive additional punishment on the face, neck and ribs, without being credited with a single return, and was thrown heavily at the close.

135 and last. Andy looked the personification of despair as he reeled up to the work, and it seemed a shame to allow him to go there simply to be battered down again. Bussy's swollen and discolored features wore a ghastly smile as he measured his man, and lunging out his left, sent Duffy to mother earth all of a heap. He was utterly helpless as he was carried to the corner, seeing which they tossed up the sponge in token of vanquishment, the fight having lasted just one hour, forty-one minutes and a half.

REMARKS.

The result of the battle surprised many, and furnishes another instance of the triumph of muscle, gameness and endurance over science alone. Had Duffy possessed a physique equal to that of his opponent, with corresponding disregard of hard thumps, in addition to his skill, the issue would probably have been different. ...y displayed little knowledge of the art, making no st... to stop, and proving himself thorough game, receiving punishment like a gourmand, while there was much greater force in his blows than those of Duffy. The system of dropping to avoid punishment adopted by Duffy elicited the derision of those who had been his warmest friends, and the manly course followed by Bussy evoked correspondingly strong expressions of admiration. It was evident that Duffy hoped to catch his opponent napping by this means, but the Chicagoian was too wary, showing excellent judgment and unexpected coolness in resisting the temptation to strike Duffy after he had dropped. The rounds were all very short, none over two minutes in duration, and some but few seconds. Although the winner's face was much more battered than that of his rival, the punishment received by the latter was the severest by far—indeed, 'tis feared that the pile drivers administered on his ribs and chest have caused serious internal injury, though 'tis to be hoped such will not prove to be the case. The fight over, Bussy leaped over the hemp and scampered away to the station at a pace which showed him to be as strong on his pedals as at the commencement, followed by his friends, cheering and shouting like mad in their joy at Fred's triumph, so fairly achieved. After the train had started for the city, Bussy went around and collected several centuries for Andy, heading the subscription with a fifty dollar note himself. The train reached Chicago about seven o'clock, all on board nearly famished, but well pleased with the day's sport. The winner expressed himself much indebted to Coburn for his advice, and says that he is determined never to enter the arena again.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION—HEROIC ACTION OF THE POLICE—THE "FANCY" TRIUMPHANT.—The Bangor (Me.) city officials played a very ridiculous part on Friday evening, the 15th inst., in an attempt to stop a pugilistic exhibition at Norombega. It seems that the managers of the show had made application to the city authorities for a license, which was refused because of the alleged immorality of such an exhibition. Nothing daunted, they determined to go through with the performance without a license, and accordingly opened the doors at the appointed time and proceeded with the programme. The worthy Mayor, however, was "bound to put a stop to it," and prepared a writ, which he placed in the hands of the High Sheriff, commanding the arrest of the performers—ten in number—on a civil charge of exhibiting without a license, the penalty for which is from $10 to $100 for each individual engaged. Backed by the entire police force of the city, the Marshal included, and reinforced by the "State Constabulary," Sheriff Wilson strode manfully into the hall to execute the writ. But he was doomed to defeat. In attendance was a prominent lawyer of Bangor, to whom he was referred, and who told him that he was ready to offer bail for the appearance of the persons named in the writ, and asked him to produce the bonds. Unfortunately these documents were not in readiness, and while they were being prepared the exhibition closed without one single arrest. So ten valiant policemen marched into the hall and then marched out again.

RATTLING MILL ON LONG ISLAND.—An impromptu and hard-fought battle took place at Sheepshead Bay, L. I., on the morning of the 22d inst., between Pat Cannon and Hughes, of Brooklyn, both big men, the former weighing 185lbs. and the latter 166lbs. A select party was present at the mill, very few knowing anything about it; if they had there would have been a big gathering, for none of the boys would have cared to miss it. Cannon was seconded by Mike Noonan and Hughes by Pat Kelly. Mike Quigley, of the Battery, officiated as referee, and Johnny Keating held the repeater. Sixty-four rounds were fought in one hour and thirty minutes, Cannon having the best of it until near the close, when Hughes, seemingly revived, rushed in and forced the fighting, pummelling Cannon fearfully, and knocking him silly at the end of the sixty-fourth round, when the battle was decided in his favor. The affair has occasioned considerable excitement in Brooklyn and the metropolis, and there is a probability of a second meeting resulting from it, when the men shall be in proper condition. Cannon has been on the lookout for somebody to tread on the tail of his coat for some time, and has found his huckleberry at last.

TOVEE'S EXHIBITION TO-NIGHT.—The boys will bear in mind that the venerable Master of Ceremonies, Uncle Tovee, presents his claims this (Tuesday) evening at the Opera House, 600 Broadway, and in consideration of his long service in their behalf, his wealth of years and personal worth, we hope they will muster strong, and, by netting him a good round sum, cheer the heart of the old man, and relieve him in part from his pecuniary embarrassments. Old Jim Sandford, who, like Tovee, has seen his prime, has given his word to wind-up with Bill, and as neither of them have forgotten the tricks they were taught by good masters long ago, a good set-to may be looked for. A dollar for reserved seats and half a dollar to the rest of the house is the tariff, which won't break anybody.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL.—George Cheer, a feather weight boxer from Manchester, Eng., arrived at this port on Thursday, 21st inst., just in time to see his friend Pete Morris off. He comes here in hopes of bettering his fortunes, and expresses his willingness to make a match with any man in the country at 105 or 106 pounds. After the boys have had an opportunity of seeing him perform, he may be accommodated, although there are very few fighters of that weight in the country. According to his own statement he met and defeated Scaly, of Huddersfield, £25 a side; J. T. Gallant, £20 a side; Spring Dick, £10 a side; George Morton, £10; Alec Lowe, £20; fought a draw with Lynch, of Manchester, £20, and Gillet Harden, £25 a side; and was beaten by Tom Skatigan for £30, Skatigan receiving 6½lbs. He states that he left Dan Crutchley at Liverpool, awaiting the arrival of Joe Goss, the two purposing taking passage in the next steamer for this port, and if they did so we may expect them over in a few days. There was some talk of matching Cheer to fight for a purse in the same ring with Collyer and Kelly, with either a Brooklyn boy or Kelly, who fought Parkinson, if he's on the ground, George being willing to give the latter a few pounds.

PETER MORRIS OFF TO ENGLAND.—The unpretending but clever little Feather Weight Champion of Albion, is now bounding o'er the billow on his way to the old country, having left by the steamer City of Baltimore, from this port, on the 23d inst. Peter has made many friends and done exceedingly well during his short sojourn in the New World, salting down nearly half a score of "centuries," not to mention a "goold" repeater, and will be quite a lion around Digbeth and the "Bull Ring." We may expect to hear of another exodus of British boxers from their native land when he arrives there. The widow and children of Morris Phalen were passengers on the same steamer.

A BASE FABRICATION.—We have received a communication from Jimmy Elliott in refutation of the statement of a correspondent that he had been provided with apartments in the Cleveland workhouse. The Young Giant indignantly denies the charge, and states that he is and always has been on the best of terms with the authorities of the Forest City. We are glad to learn that the report was incorrect, and cheerfully rectify it, nothing being farther from our mind than to say or do aught which could injure the reputation of any one undeservedly. Correspondents should confine themselves to facts, and then such unpleasant errors would not occur.

JOE COBURN IN PORKOPOLIS.—The ex-champion, who has been matched with McCoole, is announced to take an exhibition at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, 29th inst. Frank McIntyre, the experienced trainer, was to leave for Chicago, to join Coburn and McDermott, on the 25th inst. Bill Ryall left for the Garden City, also, on the 20th inst., and will probably set-to with Joseph the Bold. Coburn was to have had an exhibition in the Garden City on the evening of the 21st, but we haven't heard how it turned out.

NOT RIGHT.—Billy McLean writes us from Pottsville, Pa., to say that he has been very badly treated by Kelly's friends, having trained him for six weeks before the fight, and run around, trying to get the money for his man, two weeks afterward, bearing his own expenses and not receiving a copper for all this. This certainly shows great ingratitude, if true, and places Kelly's backer in a bad light. Billy returns his thanks to Tom Williams, Parkinson's backer, his family, and others in the mining district for kindness shown him.

FIGHT AT COBURN'S STATION.—A couple of Grass Valley boxers named Joe Budd and A. M. Bush, fought at catch weight for $500 a side, at Cisco, better known as Coburn's Station, Nevada, on Oct. 20th. Fifteen good merry rounds were got through with in just the same number of minutes, when Bush was declared the victor. Budd was badly punished, and it was feared he suffered internal injuries. Matt Tracy, of New York, trained Bush, while Budd was looked after by McIntyre, of Virginia City, N. T.

WRESTLING AT WHITE PLAINS.—Barney Matthews and John Kearney indulged in a wrestling match, said to be for $100 a side, at White Plains, Westchester county, N. Y., on Friday, the 22d inst., side hold, best three in five. Matthews got the first fall and Kearney the two following, Barney's wrist being so badly sprained in the third fall that he couldn't come again, and Kearney was declared the victor. They have been re-matched for a larger stake to wrestle in Brooklyn on December 14th.

THE PHENOMENON'S BENEFIT POSTPONED.—As many of the boxers have left the city for the scene of the Collyer and Kelly battle, old Jim Sanford has concluded to postpone his benefit at the Broadway Opera House until Friday evening, 29th inst, when some rare sport may be looked for, as all the boys will turn out for the sake of this wonder of ye olden time. Barney Aaron intends to wind up with Jim, and nobody will care about missing this, when a fifty cent stamp takes 'em in to see it.

WANTS A SHY AT COLLYER.—From appearances Sam Collyer is destined to have his hands full in case he succeeds in regaining the championship to-day. Nick Smith, of this city, is authorized to match a man against him at 128 pounds. In case Kelly wins we presume the same match will be offered him. We understand that it is Billy's intention to retire from the ring in case he is unsuccessful in this battle, but if he pulls it off he will be ready to defend the title against all comers.

CHARLEY BELCHER AND TOM MILLETT took a joint exhibition at Norombega Hall, Bangor, Me., on the night of the 16th inst., but just as the sport had been fairly commenced the police placed an embargo on it because the *beneficiaires* had neglected to obtain a license. Belcher, George Reynolds and Owen McAloon made some fun for the boys before the lights were doused.

THE GADLEY AND CAMPBELL MATCH OFF.—F. Gadley having failed to make his word good by forwarding the stipulated deposit to this office for his match with Bryan Campbell, we have returned to G. H. Ford the $100 sent to us in Campbell's behalf. There is a probability of these men yet coming together, but not until other articles are drawn up.

SAM COLLYER had a monster benefit at the Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on the night of the 22d inst., the auditorium being crammed, and the benificiaire netting about $400 above expenses. All the prominent local talent assisted, and the show passed off in an orderly manner.

FAREWELL TO O'BALDWIN AND HICKS.—These boxers were to take a farewell benefit at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel Road, London, Eng., on the evening of the 13th inst., prior to their departure for America.

PARKINSON GETS THE MONEY.—We are informed that the stakes in the match between Parkinson and Kelly have been given up to the former, in accordance with the decision of the referee. This ends the matter.

PARTIES fancying miniature thorough-bred black-and-tans will find something to suit them by referring to an advertisement elsewhere.

☞ We have letters for Tom Allen and Abe Hicken.

Four Black and Tan Dogs for Sale, from 2 to 6 lbs. each. Three of them good Ratters. The 6 pounder an extraordinary killer. Inquire of J. J. FLETCHER, 74 South First street, Williamsburg, N. Y.

34-1t*

CARME VS GARAUD.—These cueists have been engaged in a game of 3,000 points, three ball, or French game, during the past week. It is not yet concluded.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WESTON'S JOURNEY TO CHICAGO.

He Again Fails to Make 100 Miles in Twenty Four Hours.

THE REASON HE LOST THE THIRD.

E. P. Weston continues to trudge along on his prolonged and weary journey to the Western metropolis, and as the trip approaches its close the excitement in reference to it naturally increases. We continue our story from the point where it left off last week. He remained at Conneaut, O., over Sunday, 17th inst., and about daybreak of the 18th started for Painesville, forty-two miles distant, and arrived there at 1 o'clock P. M. Here he dined, and then resumed his tramp. He entered the Forest City at midnight, twenty-nine miles further on, and took his departure again at 2:30 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th. He had a very enthusiastic reception in Cleveland. At Fremont, on the 21st, the crowd pressed upon him so closely that it was feared he would sustain serious injury, but the police succeeded in keeping them off. Whether they intended personal injury or the rush was merely the result of the excitement which prevailed, is a mooted question. Weston reached Toledo at 2 A. M. on the 22d inst., and after a rest of 12 hours started again to attempt, the fourth time, the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, between that point and Bryan, O. He made Stryker, O., fifty miles from Toledo, at 2:20 o'clock A. M. on the 23d inst., again abandoning the 100 mile feat, this time in consequence of a discrepancy between the distance given by the card and the actual distance, which he found considerably greater. He left again at noon, arriving at Edgerton about 5:30 o'clock, stopping there for supper, leaving again at 5:35 and reaching Waterloo at 11:30, where he stopped until the 25th instant, and was to commence his final one hundred miles' trial from that place at 12:15 A. M. The opinion has been very generally expressed that Weston could have completed the one hundred miles on the third trial had it been on the card to do so, from the fact that he had but little over nine miles to go, and about two hours and a half to do it. The statement made by a gentleman who conversed with Weston at Conneaut, assures us that this opinion is the correct one, that Weston was fully equal to the task, and that he begged, with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to go on and finish, but that his backers, or rather attendants, would not permit him to do so, their "kicks," it is presumed, not having become sufficiently plethoric. He likewise asserts that Weston's companions always manage to secure the best of everything, to the neglect of the patient and hard working little pedestrian, who, however, occasionally opens his vials of wrath upon them, and reproaches them in scathing terms. If this is true—and we place the utmost reliance in the word of our informant—it is all wrong, and will go far to convince everybody that the whole affair is a swindle and originated merely for the purpose of making money, which object has assuredly been accomplished since the start was made. If Weston succeeds in accomplishing his next trial at the one hundred miles feat it will give color to the above operation.

Flew the Track.—William Carlin, a young Trojan, having caught the pedestrian fever, undertook to walk one hundred miles inside of twenty-five hours last week on the Island Park Course, near Troy, N. Y. He commenced at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the 18th, in presence of a large number of spectators, who evinced a deal of interest in the trial, and wagered considerable sums upon the result. For nine hours he did excellent walking, making thirty-six miles, but while at the Southern end of the island, out of sight of the judges and others, he bolted the course and left for parts unknown. After waiting a reasonable period, the judges, thinking some accident had befallen the walker, went in search of him, when they discovered that he had skedaddled. Under the circumstances, we understand, all bets were declared off. Our exchanges furnish us with additional particulars in regard to this pedestrian event, which, as they are interesting, we here append. The Troy *Whig*, of the 21st inst, says: "Carlin, the would-be pedestrian, attracted a large crowd to witness his effort on Monday afternoon and evening. Many Albany sports were on the ground, and betting ran high on the result. At half-past ten o'clock that night Carlin had succeeded in making thirty odd miles, and at that time two young "sports" followed him for a short distance around the course, and inquired whether he was confident of going fifty miles without fail. He answered that he would accomplish the distance with ease, and that he had no doubt at all concerning his ability to "do" the 100 miles. He seemed so confident, and was in such good condition, that the young men returned and bet their "pile" without stint upon him. They had hardly left him, however, ere he started on a run through a neighboring cabbage field, and took the road for West Troy, and was not seen until the next morning, when he went to work in Roy's butt factory, as usual. A large crowd assembled at the place, and greeted his appearance with hisses, groans, and other demonstrations of dissatisfaction. Carlin remains silent in regard to the matter, evidently thinking it a huge joke. He is supposed to have been the tool of some West Troy sharpers. Many amateur sporting men lost heavily on him. One man, it is said, bet all his available cash, and a gold watch, in favor of Carlin, and of course lost. The excitement in regard to the sudden termination of the attempt is very great, and threats are quite freely made against the incipient pedestrian." The Troy *Times* says: "It is said that upwards of five thousand dollars were bet in West Troy on the result of Carlin's attempt to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and so palpable is the fact that he threw the friends who had backed him in the enterprise, that the losers have ordered the stakeholders not to give up the money."

Payne on His Way to California.—Seth Wilbur Payne, the pedestrian litterateur, who started from New York on the 11th inst., on a peripatetic journey to the Golden State, was moving along in the even tenor of his way at last accounts, confident of accomplishing his extraordinary task. He takes things leisurely, averaging, so far, about twenty-three miles per day, and will soon increase it to twenty-five. In this walk Mr. Payne combines business with pleasure, proposing to note everything of interest which comes under his observation during the trip, and weave the same into a narrative, similar to that produced after his return from his extended peregrinations in Europe some years ago. He delivers a lecture almost every day at the towns through which he passes, the subject being usually his experiences on the other side the Atlantic, the peculiarities, habits, etc., of the different nations, and as he has a fine education and is endowed with a fertile imagination and excellent descriptive powers, his elocutionary efforts are said to be very entertaining as well as amusing: so that his trip promises to bring him notoriety in more ways than one, as well as put much greenbacks into his coffers. He is a man of medium height, black eyes and hair, full face, and is possessed of a splendid *physique*. If he succeeds in reaching San Francisco overland without having his scalp "pulled," he deserves to be immortalized.

A Wisconsin Man Walks a Hundred Miles within Twenty-four Hours.—Some two weeks since a bet of one hundred dollars a side was made between Hesse Hassell and Alfred Wilcox, both of Portage City, Wisconsin, that the former would walk from Portage City to Milwaukee in twenty-four consecutive hours. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 4 o'clock P. M., Hassel started on the trip. His friend, Mr. Gorden, and Wilcox, with whom he had the bet, accompanied him in a buggy. The route taken was the ordinary wagon road, which runs parallel to the railroad; and is, we are informed, at no point more than two miles from it. Hassel ate supper at Fox Lake Junction, and arrived at Horicon a little after 11 in the evening, where he rested an hour. He then took up the line of march for Milwaukee again; breakfasted at Woodland, dined at Greenville, arrived at Milwaukee at 20 minutes past 3 o'clock in good condition, winning his wager easily, and having 40 minutes to spare. The distance between Portage City and Milwaukee is 95 miles by railroad, and must exceed 100 by actual measurement of the wagon road. Hassel is Welsh by birth, about 21 years of age, weighs 138 pounds, and measures 5 feet 10½ inches in height. He started on the journey without any previous training, beyond moderate exercise taken for a few days without a trainer—so says a Milwaukee paper.

Two Mile Race.—An exciting pedal contest, two miles, took place on the afternoon of the 19th inst., at a well known spot on Long Island, between Ike Kemble and Jim Palmer, for a stake, 'tis said, of $300. Both men have figured in a number of matches, and consequently quite a large turn-out of those who fancy such sports was witnessed. At about half-past twelve o'clock the men appeared upon the ground, Ike being attired in a pink shirt, yellow tights and black patent leather belt, while Jim wore a scarlet shirt, tights of flesh color, and blue and white trunks. Messrs. Rooney and Inglewood filled the office of umpire, and Mr. Tate accepted the position of referee and starter. A few minutes before 1 o'clock, the pistol was discharged, and the contestants bounded away from the mark, Palmer getting off first, and keeping the lead until nearing the half-mile pole, when Kemble put on a spurt, and rushing past him, went by the pole a few feet ahead. The balance of the race was just as closely disputed as the earlier portion, and eventually resulted in a tie, the time given being 9:13. All bets were declared off, and the referee named the 29th inst., for a repetition.

Harding and De Kelso's Match.—The important match between W. E. Harding, of this city, and De Kelso, of Canada, to run three miles for the Championship of the United States and the New Dominion and $2,000, is attracting much attention among the pedestrian public here and beyond the border, and as the day draws near the interest augments. The race is to be decided, providing nothing interferes to prevent, at the Aurelia Grounds, C. W., on Monday, Dec. 9th. Harding still continues to attend to his duties as a member of the fourth estate, but lives abstemiously and takes his regular breathers every morning before our busy denizens are fairly awake. The Canadian champion is working like a Trojan to get in proper fix, and a fast race may be expected.

From Chicago to New Orleans in Twenty Days.—John Shephard, the pedestrian, has been matched to walk from the Garden City to New Orleans, a distance of about 1,500 miles, in twenty days, for a stake, 'tis said, of $2,000, Michael Thompson, of Buffalo, putting up that sum on the old scythe bearer. Tall walking will be required to accomplish the feat, and it is extremely doubtful if seventy miles a day can be averaged; nature will scarcely endure such a tax upon her powers as that. It is stated that Shephard walked 355 miles in 66 hours on the Garden City Track, Chicago, in 1861, and subsequently tramped from St. Louis to Chicago on the railroad track in two days and fifteen hours. He was to start from the Court House at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 26th inst.

Paid Forfeit.—Wm. H. Adsetts having failed to make good the second deposit of $40 in his 120 yards match with Wm. H. Young for $100 a side, due at the Clipper office on the 23d inst. Mr. Young will please call or send for the money now in our hands. Both of these men were entered for the Reading handicap on the 23d inst., and as the forfeit was caused by a misunderstanding between Adsetts and his backer, there is a prospect of their yet coming together in a match race.

Mark Grayson as a Pedestrian.—The above named "play-actor," having been seized with the walking fever now prevailing to an unprecedented extent all over the country, was announced to attempt the task of traveling 100 miles in 24 hours, on a wager at the race course, Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 25th inst. He'll find it more difficult than committing to memory a score of "lengths."

Pedestrianism in Hamilton, O.—The pedalistic mania rages extensively in Hamilton, O., and the lovers thereof have been favored with plenty of sport in that line of late. The latest was between Deerfoot, alias McNeely, and Adams, alias Beatty, for $150 a side, ½ of a mile. The latter won in 4 min. 3 seconds.

Juvenile Pedestrians.—On the 18th inst., fifteen lads set out on a pedestrian pilgrimage from Hartford, Ct., to Manchester and back, eighteen miles in all. Two of them did it in nine hours, the remainder failed. This is what we should call Westonianism down East.

BILLIARDS.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

ANOTHER NOTE OF ALARM FROM MONTREAL.

A Montreal paper, not content with having rendered itself ridiculous by its nonsensical comments upon billiard players in general, and its fulsome praise of the two Dions in particular, now assumes that the challenge of McDevitt was informal, and that, being dated on the 8th of June and directed to the winner of the Dion-Nelms match, it was in contravention of a rule, and therefore not binding upon the champion. But, in the face of the declaration that the challenge was null and void, and consequently not binding upon either party, the journal in question gravely urges the illogical and absurd proposition, that it would be only just were Dion not only to refuse to play McDevitt, but also to claim as his own the moneys which the latter has placed in the hands of the stakeholders, and which, according to the journal's own argument, has not at any time been subject to forfeiture! This is equity, with a vengeance.

It happens, however, that through a simulation of astuteness peculiar to blunderers, this special advocate of Dion's rights has discovered a mare's nest. There can be nothing informal about a challenge for the billiard championship, for the very sufficient reason that no form is prescribed. Nothing is needed to make a challenge binding but the depositing of $250 with the authorized stakeholders on behalf of the player who desires to contend for the cue. Words are nothing; money everything. The over-nice claim that McDevitt's challenge is informal is based, as far as we can judge from a column of muddled sentences, upon the following rule:

"A party who has once contended with the champion during his championship is prohibited from rechallenging until ten days have elapsed after an encounter, so as to give other players an opportunity to contend."

To put the purport of this rule into a few simple words, a challenge is not a challenge until it goes into effect. It certainly is not meant here that a player who has once contended shall not *write* a challenge, or *utter* one, and deliver it to the parties authorized to receive it. No rule could prevent his doing this; and if there were a rule against it, it would have no more scope or force than the one above quoted.

McDevitt was beaten by Dion on the 10th of June last. It is assumed that he put in another challenge on the 8th of June, instead of waiting until ten days after he was beaten. We will admit, as a concession, that such was the case. What difference could it possibly have made in the challenger's favor? Mr. McDevitt might have sent in a challenge on the 5th of June, five days before his contest with the champion, or on the 12th, two days afterwards; but, while it would have been of no advantage to him, we can conceive that it might have been a detriment. More than this, it could have been made advantageous to Dion. No matter at what time prior to the ten days after his last match McDevitt had issued a challenge, it would have made no difference; and, for the same reason, he might have issued a dozen challenges. The reason is this: He would have had to stand in wait for a contingency until the ten days should elapse. Had a hundred other challenges come forward prior to the 20th, they must have taken precedence over him in the order in which their several challenges were issued. *Until* the 20th, McDevitt's words, and also his money, could be considered nothing more than a declaration of intention. It so happened that no other challenger appeared; and, therefore, when the ten days allowed by the rules had elapsed, McDevitt's $250, irrespective of any form of words, became a valid and insuperable challenge to Dion for the champion cue. And, whether he wills or not, he must play McDevitt.

This view of the situation is not quibbling—it is common sense. We know it is distasteful to many of Dion's newly made friends, and we likewise know it is not relished by Dion himself. But this is explained by the fact that whenever Dion and McDevitt have been about to play, it somehow has happened that a note of alarm has been sounded from Montreal. On the last occasion McDevitt was openly charged, and so were his friends, with having sought to overreach Dion in the selection of a table, shipping one from New York, which, instead of being strange to both contestants, had been used for weeks by McDevitt in practicing. An hour or so before the game, Dion informed McDevitt that "he had not made up his mind yet to play on that table." *After* the game, the very laughable discovery was made that Dion had played on it, and McDevitt had not! Fourteen months before he had defeated John Deery on this identical table, thereby acquiring the champion cue. Now that these foremost players are to contend again, the note of alarm which proverbially comes from Montreal is the flimsiest of quibbles—an exception to the date of a so-called challenge, but which, in reality, was no challenge at all.

And after this, what?

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CONNECTICUT.

Contest between Hewins and Ralph Benjamin.

The challenge issued to Champion Hewins, of Hartford, by Ralph Benjamin, of Stamford, some four months ago, resulted on the 21st inst., in a very close and interesting contest for the championship of the land of steady habits. The game was played at Allyn Hall, in Hartford, before an audience composed of leading citizens and their families. The table used was the one presented by Michael Phelan, Esq., of New York, to Gershom B. Hubbell, the first champion of the state. The hall was admirably arranged, so that every one present had a good view of the stage. The ladies, some of whom for the first time witnessed a game between expert players, as well as the gentlemen, manifested their delight and approbation of the players' movements, and at times applauded an extra good shot as enthusiastically as any of their male friends. The game commenced about 8 o'clock, at which time Mr. Hubbell introduced the players, and stated the terms of the game. Michael Phelan, Esq., of New York, was chosen referee; Mike Wollahan, of the Allyn House Billiard Rooms, was chosen umpire for Mr. Hewins, and Henry Keating, of New York, umpire for Mr. Benjamin. The game was kept by Ed. Reilly, of the Clinton House Billiard Rooms, and the score was kept by P. Dorcy, of Hartford. Mr. Hewins won the lead and took the first shot. Both players exhibited a surprising degree of patience and earnestness, together with skill and discrimination, and they shared about equally the applause and admiration of the audience. The game lasted until 1 o'clock, at which time Mr. Hewins won, the score being 1,000 to 926. Mr. Benjamin's best run was his last, when he made 57. Hewins' best was 62. The score of the game, and also the calls at each hundred points, together with the usual summary, are appended. Score:—

Hewins—0 0 5 7 47 2 3 0 10 13 3 2 0 8 7 3 27 17 13 0 4 58 17 6 0 2 2 0 12 2 5 2 4 12, 0 0 9 2 2 12 6 0 18 6 0 4 0 32 6 9 0 0 0 0 2 17 19 27 0 24 4 3 6 12 9 0 7 32 0 0 0 0 9 0 11 5 8 6 4 8 3 6 43 2 0 0 8 9 0 0 2 5 0 14 8 62 6 0 0 0 5 0 2 0 23 9 8 17 0 11 8 1 10 16 0 8 26 20 8 0 0 8 7 5 3 3 5 4 3 17 0 3 4—Total, 1,000.

Benjamin—2 0 6 4 2 2 0 32 0 2 0 0 3 27 5 3 11 3 0 13 3 2 2?21 0 8 10 5 0 11 5 7 21 8 0 6 0 0 0 22 13 10 10 6 2 0 13 6 6 3 6 7 0 8 48 7 18 0 10 0 4 0 8 3 2 0 0 0 2 4 2 15 22 0 0 2 0 26 0 2 0 3 31 0 10 5 0 0 2 4 7 0 0 2 6 5 0 0 1 2 5 2 0 24 0 0 18 0 6 7 13 2 6 0 5 16 48 6 4 5 32 0 0 6 9 0 7 3 0 5 15 5 9 57—Total, 926.

The following table shows the relative counts of the players at each call of the game, on an equal number of innings:—

Hewins—100 275 318 398 588 676 769 877 954 994 1,000.

Benjamin—100 101 297 401 490 578 609 694 816 860 926.

Highest Runs—Hewins—62 58 47 43 32. Benjamin—57 48 42 32 31 27.

Summary—Allyn Hall, Hartford, Nov. 21.—Contest for the Championship of Connecticut, between M. H. Hewins, of Hartford, and Ralph Benjamin, of Stamford. Game, 1,000 points up, on a full sized four-pocket Phelan and Collender table. Score: Hewins, 1,000; Benjamin, 926. Innings—135. Averages—Hewins, 7½; Benjamin, 6¾. Best runs—Hewins, 62; Benjamin, 57. Time—5 hours. Umpires—For Hewins, M. Wollahan, of Hartford; for Benjamin, H. A. Keating, of New York. Referee—Michael Phelan, of New York. Marker—Ed. Reilly, of Hartford.

Playing at St. Paul, Minn.—On the 18th, John W. Coon, of Chicago, and Mr. Julius Meyer, of Minneapolis, inaugurated the Globe Hotel billiard room, playing a game of 500 points, which Coon won in 20 innings, as per score:

Coon.—5 26 13 19 24 74 96 18 8 2 5 4 0 57 20 8 2 14 22 4 6 24 3 39 18 11. Total, 502. Average, 19 1-3.

Meyer.—9 12 7 27 10 16 12 9 127 51 14 3 2 0 0 31 0 6 4 48 0 55 2 8 11. Total, 472. Average, 18¼.

Fine Playing in Chicago by Tieman, Foley, Rhines, McDevitt, Etc.—Wilson's new rooms, at the corner of North Clark and Indiana streets, Chicago, were opened on the 18th inst., brilliant games being played by the experts above named and others. The opening bout was between Henry Rhines, champion of Illinois, and Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, and was won by the former in four innings, the score being 501 to 165, and the winner's average, 125. On the fourth innings Rhines got the three balls in position, and, by the most careful and skilful manipulations, made the extraordinary run of 466, which closed the game. During the progress of the foregoing game, another was played by George Morris, of Indiana, and his brother, which showed good play, but was not characterized by any remarkable runs or averages. A game was next played by Tom Foley and McDevitt, and won by the former in seven innings, the winner's average being 71 9-7. In this game the ex-champion outdid himself. At the commencement of the last innings the game stood:—Foley, 28; McDevitt, 160; the latter having made 150 at a single run. Foley then commenced with two reds, the white ball being off the table, and by some of the most brilliant play ever witnessed in the city, made the unequal run of 473, closing the game. Games were also played between Vermuelen and Honahan, and Morris and Harding, but compared with the other games were not of remarkable brilliancy.

Flynn vs. Williams.—Some five days since a match was made for $100 between Charley Williams and Tim Flynn, to play 50 points up, French caroms, Williams receiving 20 points in the game. Bill Cleaver found the sugar for Williams, who don't profess extra skill at the game, and John Lester put up for Flynn, the understanding being that the latter never won a dollar at the game, which turned out afterward not to be the case. The game was played at Bill O'Bryon's rooms, West Forty-second street, near the Weehawken Ferry, on the evening of the 22d inst., and resulted in the success of Tim by 4 points. The table used was a very poor one and the highest run made was 3, each making that number. Williams is a well known up-town bagatelle player, who has a standing challenge to play any man in the country for $500, giving 50 in a game of 500 points. He is a Briton by birth and made a comfortable living by his skill in manipulating the ivories in the old country.

Dion's Games.—On the 15th, Joseph Dion and his brother played their usual game of 1,500 points, for practice. The champion was successful by 141 points, his best runs being 456 and 555, and his average 40⅓. Cyrille's best runs were 115, 122, and 139, and his average amounted to 28. On the 18th, they played again, Cyrille, who received the odds of 600 in 1,500, being successful by 234 points. His average was 19, and his best runs 215 and 130. Joseph Dion's average was 27, and his leading runs 106, 153, 227, and 278.

On the 20th, they again set the balls in motion, Cyrille wining by 381 points. The runs were as here given:

Cyrille Dion.—22 2 34 4 4 0 0 1 13 38 43 1 16 9 67 11 5 31 0 94 3 0 26 2 0 143 0 0 3 0 0 198 19 66 4 10 32—odds of 600. Total, 1,501. Average, 24½.

Joseph Dion.—0 35 0 14 37 21 3 4 36 51 0 37 0 5 198 5 12 14 54 5 0 0 2 0 378 17 2 11 8 10 10 33 3 0 22 16. Total, 1,120. Average, 31.

Daniels' Challenge Accepted.—The challenge of Edward Daniels, directed to any State champion, "past or present," and proposing to play the push-barred game, 1,500 points up, on the usual full-sized four pocket table, for the sum of $250 a side, has been taken up by Cyrille Dion, brother of the champion billiard player. The Canadian suggests that the match be played on the 16th of December, in Boston, which city is the one named by Daniels. These players have already contended, but at a different games, the push shot being allowed. On this occasion Dion won by 772 points out of 1,500, the winner's average being 16¼, and the time 3 hours and 17 minutes.

Jack Coleman, the veteran pedestrian, was among the passengers on the steamer City of Baltimore, which left this port on Saturday, 23d.

In Town.—That out-and-out young sport and cueist, Ed. Cahill, dropped into our sanctum quite unexpectedly one day last week, having just arrived in the city from the wilds of the far west. Ed. comes for the purpose of purchasing stock for his new billiard room at Omaha, N. T. He has changed in appearance considerably since he's been away, but fortunately the change is for the better.

Gershom B. Hubbell.—This gentleman, ex-champion of Connecticut, and formerly catcher for the Charter Oak Base Ball Club, has quite recently been appointed to the responsible position of superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph office at Hartford, Conn. The temperance billiard room, of which he is proprietor, will continue to be under his immediate supervision.

Match for a Purse of $250.—John W. Coon and John McDevitt are to contend, some time this week, for a purse of $250. The game is to be 1,500 points, caroms, and will doubtless take place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago.

A Billiard Match, 1,000 points up, for $100 a side, was played at the Brunswick Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the evening of the 20th inst., between Harry Warren and James Benney, which Warren won by 45 points. His average was over 6, and his highest count 54. Benney's best run was 36.

Contemplated Exhibition.—It has been arranged for William Goldthwait and Melvin Foster to play at the Columbian Billiard Rooms, in this city, some time during this week, or early in the next.

BALL PLAY.

THE STATE ASSOCIATION.

Mr. J. Seaver Page, the President of the State Association, has named the following committees:

On Nominations—W. A. Murtha, of the Excelsior Club of Brooklyn, S. H. Goodwin, Jr., of the Athlete of Washington Heights, and J. J. Delaney of the Exercise of New York.

On Finance—H. A. Rogers of the Active of New York, G. F. Gosman of the Unique of Staten Island, and E. Tilton of the Athletics of Brooklyn.

On Printing—J. F. Pearson of the Independent of Brooklyn, Mr. J. Kelly of the Gotham of New York, and C. L. Twing of the Union of Lansingburg.

Judiciary, East—A. C. Davis of the Mohawk of Brooklyn, F. K. Boughton of the Atlantic of Brooklyn, A. B. Taylor of the Mutual of New York, G. H. Albro of the Union of Morrisania, William Glenn of the Gulick, W. T. Avery of the Knickerbocker of New York, J. B. Reeve of the Momoweta of Greenport, B. Mason of the Nepperham of Yonkers, and W. H. Holmes of the Oriental of Greenpoint.

Judiciary, West—E. A. Server of the National of Albany, O. P. Moore of the Niagara Falls, W. K. Lawson of the Undercliff of Cold Springs, J. E. Jones of the Meteor of Addison, C. S. Mack of the Niagara of Lockport, G. Stevens of the Una of Mount Vernon, W. M. Stillman of the Sawpit of Port Chester, E. H. Clark of the Star of Pleasantville, and J. C. Gullick of the Lone Star of Matteawan.

Special Committee on Grounds.—J. C. Wilson of the Mansion of New York, E. T. Jenkins of the Eckford of Brooklyn, Wm. Romaine of the Baltic, H. B. Goodrich of the Manhattan of New York, and H. Brown of the Gramercy of New York.

Communications for the association should be addressed to Recording Secretary of State Association, M. J. Kelly, Box No. 49, Station A, New York City; Corresponding Secretary, W. R. Macdiarmid, Box No. 793 New York Post Office.

ATHLETIC vs. BRISTOL.

The closing game of the season on the part of the Pennsylvania champions was played at Bristol, Pa., on the 16th inst., with the club of that borough, and resulted in a victory for them by a score of 55 to 14, as follows:

Athletic.	H.L.	R.	Bristol.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	0	9	Drerr, c	2	3
McBride, s s	3	6	Corey, r f	4	2
Radcliff, c	2	8	Dornance, s s	4	1
Hayhurst, p	3	6	Beisley, 2d b	1	4
Fisler, 1st b	2	7	Jacoby, c f	3	0
Sensenderfer, c f	4	4	Rogers, 3d b	3	0
Berry, 3d b	4	5	Young, 1st b	3	1
Cuthbert, l f	6	4	Patterson, l f	3	2
Kahmar, r f	3	6	Callanan, p	4	1
Total		55	Total		14

Umpire—G. H. Baldy, of the Andalusia Club. Passed Balls—Athletic, 4; Bristol, 16. Time of game—2 hours 45 minutes.

Rather Cool for the Season.—Through a letter from the Recording Secretary of the State Association, published in one of the Sunday papers, a few facts in regard to the failure of a certain party to manipulate the delegates to that body have come to light. It appears that this individual, who claims to be the "father" of the game of base ball, endeavored to have a weekly something with which he is connected made the organ of the association, and failing in this, tried to have a person connected with his "organ" elected as Corresponding Secretary. This dodge wouldn't work either, so he vents his spleen on the Recording Secretary, Mr. M. J. Kelly, alleging that he did not issue his circular to the delegates soon enough, &c. In the spicy letter above referred to, Mr. Kelly effectually uses up "the person," exposes his little tricks to the base ball public, and administers a scathing rebuke to him in a way that he will not soon forget. "The person's" attempt at monopoly *was* a cool proceeding, even for this season of the year, when we naturally look for events of a cooling nature.

The Season's Close.—The season of 1867 will be brought to a formal close on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. We have not heard of any games of note to take place on that day, but presume the holiday will be mostly devoted to games between nines from our various manufacturing establishments. Of course Hoboken will be the grand rendezvous for the ball tossers, and the Elysian Fields will ring with the merry laugh of the sons of toil, engaged in their favorite pastime

SKATING.

SKATING MATCH.

Frank Swift vs. an Unknown.

An unknown from Philadelphia last week challenged Mr. Frank Swift to skate a match on roller skates for $200 a side, which Swift accepted. The affair proved to be rather one sided, although the Philadelphian was an accomplished skatist; but Swift proved to be too much for him, and won the match by the following score:—

	Swift.	Unknown.
1. Plain skating, forward and backward	2	2
2. Outside roll, forward and back, field and in light	2	2
3. Inside roll, forward and back, field and in light	2	1
4. Lap foot, forward and back, field and in light	2	1
5. Cross roll, forward and back, field and in light	2	1
6. Railroads, single and double, forward and back	2	1
7. Spread eagles	2	2
8. Loops	2	2
9. Single foot spins and double foot whirls	2	1
10. Grape vines, including Philadelphia twist	2	1
11. Serpentines	2	1
12. On to Richmond and Pons Assinorum	2	1
13. Toe steps	2	1
14. Waltz steps	2	0
15. One foot eights	2	2
16. Specialties	2	1
17. Pot pourri, general display of combined movements	2	1
18. General grace and finish	2	1
Total	36	22

SPORTS ABROAD.

Tyson vs. Bowler, and Williams vs. Vaughan.—The anticipated contests between the above named men have for some time past created considerable interest and excitement, it being thought that "all" meant fighting, and that two good and genuine encounters would take place. The money (£25 a-side for each match) was duly placed in the stakeholder's hands, and the men took the greatest pains to get themselves fit. The representatives of the men had engaged a steamboat, and the meet was Temple Pier, at seven o'clock, on the 12th inst. An hour previous to this time persons began to congregate at the lower end of Essex street, and amongst them were to be seen twenty or thirty policemen, accompanied by a dozen or so detectives. This seemed to put a damper on the spirits of all present, until a rumor was circulated that the principals would be picked up down the river. This for a time quieted the assembled crowd, but as time drew on it was made known that Bowler and Williams were in the safe keeping of Inspectors Silverton and Brannan, and that no fight was likely to come off that day. Upon hearing this the muster dispersed. While this was going on Tyson and Vaughan, with some fifty of their friends, had betaken themselves to Blackwall (where it had been arranged that the boat should call for them), and arrived on the pier a few minutes past eight. Here they waited hour after hour, thinking that the thick fog which was hanging over the river prevented the boat coming down, never dreaming that their opponents were in the hands of the police. This uncertainty was maintained until a quarter past ten, when a train from town arrived, bringing some of Tyson's and Vaughan's supporters with the news of the arrest. As a matter of course, loud expletives were indulged in. Nothing, however, remained but to return to town, and on arriving there it was learned that Inspector Silverton had at about six o'clock found out the domicile of Bowler and Williams (the Crown, Cranbourne passage), and taken them into custody. They were taken to Bow street, and brought before Mr. Flowers, where they had an examination, which resulted in their being compelled to enter into their own recognizances of £100 each, and find two sureties of £30 each, to keep the peace for twelve months. Mr. Flowers was satisfied that he had jurisdiction, whether the fight was to be in England or abroad. He wished it to go forth that the Government were resolved to put down prize fighting, and that in every case where the police had information of a contemplated fight, they would, if possible, prevent it by apprehending the parties.

O'Baldwin vs. Wormald.—The Irish giant had expressed his willingness to fight his old opponent, Joe Wormald, an oft hand match, for £50 a side, to take place a fortnight from the 19th inst. A place of meeting had been appointed.

Ides and Hurst.—George Iles wants to try conclusions with the Staley bridge Infant for £50 a side, giving him his own time.

Stopped by the Police.—Chambers and Kimberley met at Woodhead, Derbyshire, on the 12th inst., to fight for £25 a side. Kimberly was the favorite at 6 to 4. After battling thirty-three rounds in an hour and twenty minutes, Chambers having the best of it, and punishing his antagonist dreadfully, the police interfered and Chambers accepted £16 to draw. The principals were arrested but released on bail at the petty sessions.

The Wear and Tear of Business Life makes such tremendous drafts upon the body and mind, that without recourse to some sustaining agent, they must inevitably give way under the pressure. Recruit them with that genial and pure vegetable tonic HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and you will always have a reserve of vitality to fall back upon.

Bull and Bear Fights are said to be common in Atchison Kansas, the bears generally getting the worst of it. Who's surprised? The same thing is common in Wall street, this city, every day.

AQUATICS.

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.
12-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building.
12-tf THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

THE NASSAU BOAT CLUB.

A meeting was held at room 24, Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 19th inst., by a number of the leading citizens of the Metropolis, interested in the advancement of rowing exercise, for the purpose of forming a new boat club. Mr. Charles S. Kingsley, a gentleman long identified with amateur boating, and who has been untiring in his exertions for the organization of the club, opened the meeting, and nominated Gen'l Lloyd Aspinwall for chairman. The General was elected *viva voce*, and on taking the chair stated the object for which they had convened. Mr. Kingsley then explained that two organizations—the Alcyon and the Undine boat clubs—had been merged to form the nucleus of the proposed organization; that some twelve fine boats could thus be brought into the new club; that a lease of an admirable location for a boat house had been secured at the foot of Thirty fourth street, North River; and that nearly sixty members had already been enrolled. An election for officers was then held, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:—President, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall; Vice President, Wilson Cary Smith; Secretary, Charles S. Kingsley; Treasurer, Col. James F. Dwight. The name of the club was then by acclamation voted to be, the Nassau Boating club, and committees were appointed to procure a charter from the State and draft a constitution and by-laws, and the next meeting was appointed to be held Tuesday, Dec. 3, at Cooper Institute. The club has come into existence under very favorable auspices, and as its members are gentlemen of high social position, energetic and enthusiastic in boating pastimes, there is no doubt that the club will take rank among the foremost in the metropolis.

THE TURF.

Jerome Park, May 25, 1867.

E. F. BAKER, ESQ.—Dear Sir: We take pleasure in stating that your HOOF LINIMENT has cured the running horse Fleetwing of quarter cracks. He ran two and three quarter miles yesterday, and three miles again to-day, carrying one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, without starting his feet to crack in the least, and we now consider it a PERFECT CURE.

GEORGE C. WALDRON, Trainer for Forbes & Jerome.

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Double Team Race for $5,000.—A piercingly cold nor'-wester deterred a great many persons from augmenting the attendance of spectators gathered at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., on the afternoon of the 19th inst., for the purpose of viewing the contest between Honest Allen and Ben Franklin, mile heats, best 3 in 5, for $5,000. Franklin made the pace at the start, but shortly after leaving the score broke up. While Bradley was trying to bring him down again, the harness on his mate, a thoroughbred mare, became loosened, and her head being free she went along the back side so rapidly as to make it impossible for Franklin to settle down to work. Finally the mare was brought under restraint, but before this had been accomplished Franklin's harness became loose and he repeated her manœuvre. The horses continued to act badly during the entire mile, and Franklin never settled down to work squarely. He continued his run to the score, which he crossed thirty or forty rods in advance of Honest Allen, and was declared distanced, while the heat and race were awarded to the Allen team. No official time was given, but it was stated that Franklin and mate passed under the wire in 2:28.

Walking Match for $600.—On the 16th inst., a walking match for $600 took place at Brighton, Mass., between the bay gelding, John Stewart, and the black gelding, India Rubber, distance three miles from Wilson's to the "cross roads." Stewart took the lead at once, and so rapidly did he increase the lead, that it was evident Rubber could not compete with him successfully, and his driver withdrew before he had traveled any great distance.

Lon Morris on the Road.—It is stated that City Marshal Heald, of Portland, Me., has sold his horse, Detective, to Lon Morris, the minstrel, for $3,800, and another worth $800. G'lang!

"Woe!" Horse.—The horses of Wisconsin are in a bad plight, an unknown disease attacking them which ends in death.

QUOITING.

McLaren vs. Scotty.—The first of a series of three games, two of 18 and one of 21 yards, for $250 a side, was decided at the Normal Grounds, Broadway, on the afternoon of the 22d inst.; between those celebrated pitchers, Jas. McLaren, of Newark, N. J., and "Scotty," of this city. Dunning motted for Scotty, and Grimshaw for the Jersey champion. Jno. R. Smith, of Paterson, N. J., officiated as referee. The play upon both sides was exceedingly skillful, and the game altogether takes rank among the closest ever witnessed, Mac ultimately proving victorious by a tally of 61 to 58. The attendance was quite large, and speculation upon the issue was lively. The second game was fixed for the 25th inst., at the Caledonia Grounds, Newark, N. J. The third and deciding game is to be played at McLaren's Grounds, on Thanksgiving, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. The man making the most points in the 183 wins the stakes of $600.

Genet vs. Connor.—These disc shyers tested their abilities in a game pitched at Astoria, L. I., on the 19th inst., 61 points up, for a small stake. Genet won, scoring game to 48.

WHERE ARE THE STRONG MEN?

Challenge to Any Man in the World to Lift for $2,000.

$250 IN OUR HANDS AS FORFEIT.

In our issue of October 19th appeared a challenge to Professor Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, O., the *soi disant* "strongest man in the world," T. S. Hamblin, of this city, offering to match a man against him at the exercise in which he claims to excel all others, for $1,000 a side, $250 being deposited in our hands as forfeit. For some reason the Professor has seen fit to answer this in a very equivocal way, giving the impression that he professes what he does not practice, and leaving the public to infer that his reported extraordinary performances are merely advertising dodges and have no foundation in fact. Else why will he not take up a challenge, when 'tis next to an impossibility for him to lose it he can really elevate such an immense weight on his shoulders as 2,737¾ lbs? His reticence causes matters to wear a very suspicious appearance, and the public won't rest satisfied until he either establishes or forfeits his claims to the reputation he seeks. He has another chance to defend himself, as will be observed by the subjoined *defi*, and if the terms thereof suit him he can get on the match by covering the $250 now in our hands. The challenge is open to any man in the country, but Butts is preferred above all others. Peruse it:—

New York, Nov. 25, '67.

Editor New York Clipper—*Dear Sir.*—I will match a gymnast of New York city to lift against any man in the United States, for not less than one thousand dollars a side, thirty days from signing articles and putting up money, play or pay. Each to furnish and use his own apparatus. Each to name one judge and the judges to name a referee. Frank Queen, Esq., to be stakeholder. I enclose two hundred and fifty dollars as forfeit. Balance of money to be put up when articles are signed.

Yours, truly, T. S. Hamblin.

Won't some of our muscular Christians accommodate Mr. H.? Where is Winship, of Boston; Thompson, of Chicago, who defeated Winship a few years ago; 'Big Charley," of Schaumberg's Dragoons; Mons. Gregoire; but, above all, where is Butts? Let some of 'em show cause. Will there be a match, or will the New Yorker be permitted to walk over the course?

Since the above was in type we have received the appended communication responsive to Mr. Hamblin's original challenge, from which it would appear that the Professor has been somewhat in the dark, and that there is a probability of a match being made, although we can't see the reason why he should insist upon the New Yorker's naming his man until the money deposited by Hamblin has been covered, at which time Mr. H. will, doubtless, be ready to do so; for as long as he is ready to meet any man in the world it's no matter who that man may be. We invite the attention of all concerned to the card:—

Auburn, O., Nov. 19th, 1867.

Frank Queen.—*Dear Sir:*—The response from Mr. Hamblin in your paper, dated Nov. 9th, 1867, I did not see till lately, special pains being taken to send previous communications directly to me. Mr. Hamblin makes a request which is not in order until the name of my competitor is announced, and does not yet see the necessity of presenting his name, saying that I should be ready to prove my title good with whoever come along.

I did not invite the gymnast to sign his name to the challenge until I had pledged myself to come to trial with him, whoever he might be. It matters not how many persons, or who they are, that make the statement on the handbill, so long as I have been, and am yet willing to test each and all of those statements. Mr. Hamblin has referred to the handbill as the basis of the challenge; which handbill gives an opportunity to select from the world. In lifting against the world, or a man selected from the world, I prefer to lift with one man at a time, and to know who he is. My feats have been published. Let Mr. Hamblin name his man, that we may come to trial.

Yours truly, Ambrose A. Butts.

COL. MONSTERY TO COL. O'ROUKE.

It will be recollected that some months since a challenge was issued by Col. O'Rouke, the well-known fencing master of this city, to any swordist in the country to meet him in a friendly passage at arms, which until now has been suffered to pass in silence. Col Monstery, the famous swordsman who has obtained considerable reputation in Europe, Mexico, and California, having just heard of the said *defi*, sends us the subjoined response, which it is to be hoped will bring about a match with either broadswords, foils, bayonet, or knife, as an assault at arms between two such celebrated masters, at some large hall in this city, would attract an immense assemblage. Here is the answer:

Editor N. Y. Clipper—Dear Sir: The challenge published June or July last wherein Capt. O'Rouke offered to meet any person in America in a passage at arms, (fencing,) for one thousand dollars, is hereby accepted. Having been a resident of the far-off State of California, Capt. O'Rouke's challenge did not meet my notice until recently. I hope, therefore, he will not consider me out of time. If Capt. De Reu, or any other professor of this city, feels disposed to a trial for an amount worthy of attention, I shall hold myself in readiness for a trial with any weapon with which I claim a knowledge. Very respectfully, T. H. Monstery.

Four Handed Skittle Match.—A large gathering of the admirers of this old country pastime took place at the Half Way House, 320 8th Avenue, on the evening of the 19th inst., to witness a four handed match between Bill Cleaver, the host, and Bill O'Bryon, a jovial boniface of the 22d Ward, on one side, and Bob Campbell and Simpson, from the heather clad highlands, for a supper and a "pony." The conditions of the match were 11 chalks up, and after a well played game, it was decided in favor of Cleaver and O'B. by a count of game, to 5. The vanquished party proved themselves the equals of their conquerors when the slaughter upon the edibles and bibibles commenced, and thereby obtained satisfaction for their defeat.

Harry Jennings writes us to say that he leaves the $100 deposited as forfeit in his proposed match or matches with Jack Brown, as he is anxious to get on a match with somebody's "dorg." He is ready to make a go with the 29lb. dog in St. Louis, known as the Rattling Mill Dog, and will give $50 or $100 for expenses, providing the match is made for $1,000 or $2,000 a side, to fight 300 miles south of Boston in five or six weeks. If this don't suit, 'Arry will fight Johnny McMahon's dog at 30lbs., for $500 or $1,000 a side.

Speculating in Politics.—A bet was made, we are informed, between two prominent politicians, on the 23d inst., one hundred dollars a side being staked on each of the following propositions: That not more than 90,000 votes will be cast at the municipal election; that of these Hoffman will receive not less than 40,000; that Wood will not get over 25,000; that Darling will not have over 15,000, and that Anton's vote will not exceed 10,000.

Single Wicket Match.—The playing of a match at single wicket, between J. Sadler, of Bridgeport, Ct., and Edwin Want, of New Haven, Ct., drew together a large assemblage at the latter place, on the 19th inst. Want won by a score of 47 to 8, with one wicket to spare.

Pigeon Popping in Weehawken.—Seventeen singles each, for $25 a side, were the conditions upon which a match at pigeons was shot between Messrs. Chaney and Carroll, at Weehawken, on the 20th inst. Chaney proved a victor by a tally of 11 to 9.

A plastering match for from one hundred to one thousand shinplasters, is announced at Cincinnati, between four plasterers. Two thousand square yards is the amount to be plastered by each.

THE FROST KING.

A spectre strode across the land last night,
Whose brow grew dark beneath the stars' pale light.

At length, close muffled in a cowl, he stood
In the dusky outskirts of a hillside wood.

His eyes were glassy, but their glance was bold;
His breath was chill—his shriveled fingers cold.

He stretched his icy hands abroad; alas!
The light dew froze to crystal on the grass.

The fair green leaves began to crisp and curl
With all the radiant tintings of a pearl;

And rustling mournful requiems in the wind,
In death, like lovers fond, together twined.

The few surviving flowers grew wan and pale,
Their dying odors fed the pitiless gale.

And showers of quivering petals in the gloom
Of a near churchyard, drifted round a tomb.

The graceful ferns drooped lower than before,
Like broken hearts that rise to hope no more.

The prickly chesnut burrs dropped slowly down,
And ghastly grinned with teeth of polished brown.

Hill, forest, field, and vale grew sere and dry,
With sad, dumb silence, as if wondering why

All nature's fair gifts 'neath a monarch's will
Died, as they murmured softly—"Peace, be still!"

The watchful stars paled at the approach of dawn,
And, smiling at the change since yester morn,

The spectre stooped and wrote upon the clay
Beauty's death warrant, the one word—"Decay!"

Summer, affrighted, fled before his sight;
"Behold the Frost King—Spectre of the night!"

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SECOND AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENT at the N. Y. SWIMMING ACADEMY, 6th Avenue and 30th streets, on THANKSGIVING EVENING, Nov. 28. Commence at 8. Admission 50c.

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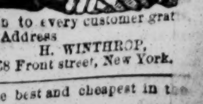
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BROADWAY.

As Seen from a Room-Attic Point of View.

It is dusk;—and the shadows creep into the street,
And they mix with the motion of pattering feet;
They walk, but they talk not—they utter no tones,
And they make not a sound on the foot-worn stones,
As step they keep from square to square,
To the tread of pauper or millionaire,—
Where houses of stone through falling glooms
Uprear their heads like lighted tombs,
Stealing along with so stealthy a tread,
If they did not stir, you would fancy them dead:—
But they shrink from the stare of the lamplight glare
With a flickering footstep here and there,
As a murderer shrinks from the flare of day
In a singular, shuddering sort of way.

I sit in my garret; and, nothing to eat,
I put to the ceaseless chatter of feet—
Of the feet of the crowd which ebbs and flows
With a queer sort of rhythm that nobody knows—
With a restless rhythm that nobody knows,
As into the darkness dank and damp
They float like dreams by the farthest lamp
That lights to avenues of gloom,
Like a will-o'-the-whisp to the door of a tomb.
I have sat in my garret since four to-day
In a dreaming, fanciful sort of way,
Half-willing to sleep by this star-litten deep,
Where the ships fold their wings like eagles to sleep—
To be buried, I say, by this star-litten bay,
Where they bury one gratis—who has nothing to pay.

To the clangor of stages that pass by the door
I hark till it sinks to a far-off roar—
To the languor and moan of a far-off roar,
Of a roar like the noise of a sounding sea
Repeating the world-old monody,
That moveth the soul with its mystical moan
To a singular sense of being alone;
And I fancy I see, as one sees in a glass,
The innermost souls of the people that pass,
With a weird sort of sense, as a seer in dream
Sees things as they are not—things as they seem;—
Mere shadows of men, mere effigies they,
Mere pagans that worship *eidola of clay*,
For pagans there be without *crossing* the sea,
(And this worship of sense is *idolatry*,)
In blazoned pagodas they *worship* to-day,
As they walk and they talk in the din of Broadway!

Souls withered by *passion*: souls palsied and sere
With the mildew and *blight* of ten thousand a year;
Souls scurvy with *vices*, distorted by crimes,
Or dwarfed by *long* lying for dollars or dimes;
Souls lost to *all* virtue, that fester in sin
Till all that *God* gave them to angels akin—
Till even God's image which might have been there
Grows hideous and shrunken as once it was fair!—
Souls starving for something—a something forgot
In their madness and passion—yet knowing it not!
It is not so unpleasant, I ween, on the whole,
To be starving in body as starving in soul:—
Yes, starving and scurvy, or throttled with clay,
Like the souls of full half who are walking Broadway.

From this worship of gold and particular clan,
Ah! when shall they rise to the manhood of man,
To that glory which borrows its halo from high,
As the rainbows its glories from sunshine and sky?
Ah! when shall they see what one sees without eyes—
To be learned and brilliant is not to be wise—
That souls are not gluttons (the maxim is clear,)
To be feasted and fed by ten thousand a year;
To be palsied with passion, stiffed with sense,
(Like a sun-seeking Icenix befeathered with pence,)
Or to vices unnamed made panders and slaves,
To rot like sheer carrion in sensual graves?
Ah! when shall they learn that the soul must have food,
To be high, to be noble as God meant it should—
To attain its high manhood of beauty and good;
Not good as men reckon the good of to-day,
But good in a queer—rather obsolete way;
Not good, you know, for a million or so,
But good in God's sense, not in that of Broadway?

"But all this," you say, though not without reason,
Like a soda in March, is somewhat out of season,
We have faults enough if one seeks them—none doubt it;
But what is the use of this prating about it?
"And besides this," you add, "we get on very well
With just honest enough to buy and to sell,
For despite of ideal, Utopian trash,
There's nothing so real as very hard cash;
And a front of brown stone with a fire in the grate
Is better by far than a palace of state
In those ideal regions where palaces grow
To just any height that one wishes, you know."
I agree, but—'tis fact—I've been troubled from youth
With an absolute habit of telling the truth;
'Tis a family failing—I'm sorry for it—
For to lie *a la mode* is better than wit;
And many a wit, who has failed at his trade,
With lying per rule, a success might have made;
For the fact is, success not a little depends
On this sort of lying, and there the thing ends:—
But bear with a couple of similes, pray,
Apropos to these people who're walking Broadway.

Have you sat by the sea side some beautiful day,
When the sun doth set not a mile away,
With a face as mild as an eastern moon—
But twice as large as it is at noon—
When the sun stoops down till he dips his hair
Of tangled gold in the waters bare—
Till he dips his face in the sounding sea,
That heaves with a rhythmical monody,
Like the soul of a poet so full of rhyme
That it cannot but sing for a whole life-time?
Then you know how a life should be set to song,
With a rhythmical pulse as it floats along—
Like a tinkling brooklet's laughing wave,
Or whose sweet tide white lilies lave),
Its melody weaving in tangled braids
As it steals'eth away to the woodland shades,
And, winding by many a rock and glen,
Is a far-off music unto men;
But how many lives in this din of Broadway
Are set to this rhythm?—Just tell me, I pray.

Have you sat on the hillside some beautiful day
When the sun doth set not a mile away,
And the sunset darts, like a golden breeze,
Her long, red lances through the trees,
Like hints of a world whose monody wells
Set to the rhythm of Eden bells.
Those Eden bells which in Orient tales
Are the leaves of the woodlands in fairy-like vales,
Whose breezes float to the tangled tune
That fountains sing in the month of June,
Stirring the trees and stirring the leaves
To melody through delicious eves?
Then reader, you know how a life should flow
With a glimpse of the skies in its waters below,
As along the meadows sweet streamlets pass,
Like music winding through the grass,
Stirring the grasses all day long
With the tinkling laughter of its song;
But how many lives in this din of Broadway
Have a beauty of skies in their flow to-day?

It is midnight; at random through the gloom
Creeps, like a specire from a tomb,
An occasional step from those pitiful dens,
Night basement saloons—they are numbered by tens—
Which, so is man made, like all houses of sin
Seem palace without and prison within,
Or like some weird dead city of gleaming mausoles
Inhabited only by shadows and ghouls,—
Yes, shadows, just this dwell a moment upon,
They are dead, though they walk, for their manhood is gone.
But 'tis midnight; I've said nearly all I can say—
To-morrow we meet in the din of Broadway.

And now, as an Arab would say or would sing
In his tales of a lady or ghoul,
By way of a moral I tell you this thing,
And its maxims are true as a whole;—
That the beggar in soul is often a king,
And the king is a beggar in soul;
That a man may be moneyed, and pampered, and fat,
And a mannikin only in spite of all that;
That one may have wealth and servants at call,
And be only a pauper in spite of it all;
That, in spite of neglect and of social ban,
The pauper is often far more of a man—
Is surer of Heaven and its blisses untold
Than the millionaire with his worship of gold.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LIZZIE COOPER.

This aspirant for dramatic honors was born in Philadelphia, in 1846. During Wm. Wheatley's management of the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, she made up her mind to adopt the stage as a profession, and accepted a position in the company, commencing at the lowest round of the ladder—utility business—but evincing so much ability, she was entrusted with the part of Sylvia in "Gamea," during Vestvali's engagement, which character she performed with so much taste and judgment that she was sent to Washington, D. C., with that lady to perform the same character in that city. She afterwards supported May Edwards in "The Ticket of Leave Man," Martha Hatcher, and several parts of like importance, all during the first year of her theatrical experience. At this period she was taken suddenly and seriously ill, which continued over a year. She finally recovered, and again joined the company at the Chestnut under the management of Wm. E. Sinn, where she remained for two seasons, playing juvenile business, and became a great favorite with the frequenters of the theatre. Since the close of the spring season last May she has been devoting all her time to hard study, preparatory to making a starring tour, having secured several plays never produced in this country. We understand that she has several engagements awaiting for her to fill, which she intends doing very soon. She is spoken of by those who enjoy her acquaintance as a lady of much refinement of manners and of an amiable disposition. Possessing considerable dramatic ability, it may not be long before she appears in this city.

MEASURES AND DISTANCES.—We append a table containing valuable information. Lineal or long measure:—12 inches make 1 foot; 3 feet, 1 yard; 5½ feet yards, 1 perch; 40 perches, 1 furlong; 8 furlongs, 1 mile; 3 miles, 1 league. Also, 3 inches, 1 palm; 4 inches, 1 hand; 9 inches, 1 span; 18 inches, 1 cubit; 2½ feet, 1 military pace; 5 feet, 1 geometrical pace; 6 feet, 1 fathom; 7 yards, 1 late Irish perch; 2,240 yards, 1 late Irish mile; 2,000 yards, 1 late Scotch mile; 1760 yards, 1 statute mile; 2,092½ yards, 1 geographical or sea mile; 60 sea miles, 1 degree on the equator; 69½ statute miles, 1 degree; 54 17-28 late Irish miles, 1 degree; 360 degrees, circumference of the earth and all circles. 1 French league is about 2¾ English miles; 1 German mile, 4 do.; 1 Dutch mile, 3½ do.; 1 Italian mile, 11-12 do.; 1 Spanish league, 3½ do.; 1 Russian verst, ⅔ do.

A WOMAN'S HATRED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JACK PERCY.

"Have you seen the young lady that engaged board here last night?" asked Mr. Thomas Conklin of his room-mate, Mr. Augustus Sommerbell, as the two gentlemen were putting the finishing touches to their attire, previous to going to supper in Mrs. Glume's boarding house.

"I have not yet had that pleasure," said Mr. Sommerbell in reply. "But I trust I shall see her this evening. Barbam has given me to understand that her beauty is perfectly incomprehensible to the naked eye."

Mr. Augustus Sommerbell was a very little man, with a rather florid face, curly brown hair, blue eyes and a heavy moustache and goatee that varied in hue from a light straw color to jet black. He was a very conceited individual, and as has already been seen, he was profuse in his use of words of many syllables, without knowing their exact meaning, or whether they were suited to the occasion.

Mr. Thomas Conklin was a little taller than his room-mate, with a dark complexion, and a very lean, wiry person. He had black curly hair, black eyes, and a heavy black beard. His face was very much wrinkled, and he was nearly fifty years of age, though he gave out that he was but thirty-five.

Mr. Sommerbell finished his elaborate toilet, and then the two gentlemen descended to the supper room, but neither was gratified by a sight of the new lady boarder. At length the meal was finished, and they retired to the parlor, where they found the lady they desired to see, who was introduced to them as Miss Flanders, from Arkansas.

Mr. Sommerbell stalked across the room with his little chest expanded to its utmost capacity, presenting a very striking resemblance to an overgrown turkey cock.

"Miss Flanders, I am truly happy to make your acquaintance," said he, with a little affected cough. "I dare say that after your long sojourn amid the trackless wilds ('hem! hem!) you find New York to be positively infinitessimal."

"I do not exactly understand you, sir," said Miss Flanders.

"I mean to say ('hem! hem!) that after your long residence upon the broad and circumambient prairies, you find New York lacking in those aspects of grandeur which appeal to the finer feelings of the soul."

"I like New York much better than Arkansas, for I was born here, and, although my family moved to Arkansas when I was very young, I always had a strong desire to return, but had no opportunity until a week back."

"Do you play, Miss Flanders?" asked Mr. Conklin, who was an amateur violinist, and fancied himself a second Paganini.

"Sometimes," replied the lady, "but I cannot oblige you to-night, for I feel very unwell. Do you ever have parties here?"

"We used to have them very frequently," said Mr. Sommerbell. "We got up a surprise party nearly every week while Charley Flood was here, but since his departure we have been very dull. He has gone to Illinois on some business, but will return next week or the week after. He is the principal instigator of our pleasures here, and I am sure you will find him to be a very fascinating individual. His conversation is really ecstatic."

When Miss Flanders heard the name of Flood mentioned she changed color slightly, and gazed directly into Sommerbell's eyes as if she would read his soul.

"Mr. Flood must be a very agreeable personage," said the lady, after a short interval of silence, "and I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance." Then, passing her hand over her forehead, she said: "You must excuse me, gentlemen, I have been suffering from a violent headache, and now I feel the pain growing in intensity every moment. Good evening."

Miss Flanders hurried from the parlor to her own apartment, and after locking the door she began to pace up and down the floor, her eyes gleaming with exultation.

"The information I received was correct. That little fool, Sommerbell, has unconsciously confirmed every statement contained in the letter. The fascinating Mr. Flood. Ha! ha! ha! The irresistible Flood! I fancy the ecstatic Mr. Flood will be somewhat surprised when he returns and finds me here. And when we meet let him look to himself, for it shall be his life or mine."

She stepped in her hurried walk, and, lighting the gas, sat down and tried to read, but the effort was a vain one; her excitement was too great to allow her to bring her mind to bear upon the subject. Casting away the book, she recommenced pacing up and down, until the streets were silent and deserted, and the neighboring church clock struck the hour of one.

Day succeeded day, and the attentions of Mr. Sommerbell to Miss Flanders became more and more devoted, and the lady seemed to regard him with great favor. Did she wish to visit a theatre? He procured reserved seats immediately. Did she desire to attend a ball? A carriage was at the door at the appointed hour, and the choicest viands were placed before her at her supper.

"What will Charley Flood think of this, I wonder?" said Mr. Sommerbell to himself, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "Well, I don't care *what* he thinks. He has monopolized the society of every lady boarder that has sojourned here during the past three years, but I flatter myself I am a trifle ahead of him in this particular case. I wonder if she regards me with an eye of affection, and if her feelings towards me are commensurate with the tremendous expense I have been laboring under?"

It galled Mr. Sommerbell terribly to part with his money at such a rate, but still his personal vanity caused him to suppress his miserly feelings.

A couple of weeks after the advent of Miss Flanders, the inmates of the boarding house were thrown into a pleasing state of excitement by the arrival of Mr. Flood, who returned with even more than his usual quantum of spirits and gaiety.

"Now for enjoyment at a very little expense," said Mr. Sommerbell to his friend Conklin. "Charley always foots the bills, you know."

Mr. Conklin's face brightened. Visions of surprise parties passed before his mind, and he drew forth his old violin and made it discourse the sweetest sounds imaginable.

That night Mr. Flood appeared in the parlor and received the congratulations of his admiring friends upon his safe return. Miss Flanders' absence gave rise to some remark, but it was soon accounted for by Mrs. Glume, who stated that the lady was confined to her room by a sudden illness.

On the third evening after Flood's arrival, Miss Flanders entered the parlor while he was present. Flood was engaged in earnest conversation with a young lady at the time, and only became aware of Miss Flanders' presence when Mrs. Glume stated to him that she desired to introduce him to the new lady boarder.

Mr. Flood rose from his seat with his countenance wreathed with smiles, but had scarcely taken three steps in the direction of Miss Flanders when he seemed as if turned to stone. His face became as white as death, and his hands trembled fearfully, while the lady gazed at him with an indescribable air of coolness and gratification.

"I am proud to become acquainted with you, Miss Flanders," said Flood at last, in a very shrill voice, while the words came with a terrible effort.

"I have heard your friends here speak so highly of you, Mr. Flood, that I feel certain I shall prize your friendship," replied the lady.

Mrs. Glume turned away, and Flood seated himself beside Miss Flanders on the sofa.

"What brings you here?" asked he in a low, deep tone, in which his rage and his discretion struggled for the mastery.

"I came to see you, to learn how my devoted husband enjoyed himself while absent from my side," replied Miss Flanders with bitter irony.

"How did you learn that I was here?"

"No matter how. Love overcomes great difficulties at times, and so does hate."

"Now that you are here, what do you expect me to do? Do you want money?"

"No, I have enough of that."

"Why are you here, then?"

"I have told you that I came simply to see how well you fared when absent from me."

"This is trifling, madam; I will have your secret if I have to——"

"Stop. Remember we are among strangers who are observing everything. Your excited manner has already attracted attention. Lead me to the piano."

"You are right, madam. I was acting like a fool. Come."

Miss Flanders arose and allowed Mr. Flood to lead her to the piano, and after she had seated herself at the instrument she performed several beautiful airs.

"Charming, upon my soul" said little Sommerbell. "The exuberance of my feelings is quite overpowering at enjoying the acquaintance of so great a dilletanti."

Miss Flanders and Mr. Flood returned to their seats, and then the lady said,

"If you desire to know the real reason of my coming, you will meet me at the corner of M—— and L—— streets to-morrow evening at eight. We will take a short promenade, and I will give you a full explanation. Is it agreed?"

"I shall not fail to be there."

A little while after this conversation took place, Miss Flanders retired to her room, and busied herself with a book until the house became quiet. Then she put on her bonnet, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, went down stairs without making the slightest sound, and passing through the street door she hurried along the streets until she came to one of the lowest and filthiest portions of the Fourth Ward. She turned down a narrow, dirty street, and stopped before an old brick building, the ground floor of which was used as a liquor store, and the upper stories as a tenement house.

A little knot of rough-looking men, with red, bloated faces, were standing in front of the door, to one of whom the lady beckoned, and he joined her instantly.

"Does Dan Gregory live here?" asked Miss Flanders.

"Dan Gregory? O! ye mane the Crusher. Yis, he's in the bar-room now. Wud ye like to see him, ma'am?"

"Yes. If you will be kind enough to tell him a lady is waiting to see him I will be obliged to you."

"I will, ma'am."

The man entered the store, and in a few seconds afterward a short, broad-shouldered man, with a huge round head covered with closely cropped black hair, grey eyes, and a shaggy black moustache, made his appearance.

"Is this Mr. Gregory?" asked Miss Flanders, as the individual we have just described joined her on the sidewalk.

"Yes, beauty; I'm Dan Gregory, the Crusher," said the short man in reply.

"Have you received a letter from Jem Pidgeon lately?"

"The devil! Are you the lady I was told to expect?"

"I am."

"Have you the token?"

"I have. There it is."

She took a card—on which the name "J. Pidgeon" was scrawled—from her pocket, and handed it to Gregory, who in his turn produced one exactly similar, and handed it to her.

"The thing's straight," said the Crusher. "Now, let's walk along, and we can talk about business as we go. I want you to understand one thing, though, before we start. Pidgeon said I would get five hundred dollars for doing the job, and I won't do it a cent less."

"There's your money," said Miss Flanders, producing a roll of bills and handing it to him. "Now I hope you are satisfied?"

"Perfectly," replied Gregory, after he had counted the money to ascertain if the amount was correct. "Now, then, let us move on."

Miss Flanders took his arm, and the couple turned into Cherry street, and engaged in an earnest conversation as they walked along, and in an hour after her meeting with Gregory Miss Flanders re-entered her boarding house, and gained her room as noiselessly as she had left it.

The next evening at eight o'clock Mr. Charles Flood made his appearance on the corner of M—— and L—— streets, and looked in very direction for Miss Flanders. He soon became ill at ease, and consulted his watch almost every moment.

"Why don't she come?" he said, after waiting a short time. "Does she fear to meet me alone? It is now half-past eight, and yet no signs of ——."

"Your arm, if you please, Mr. Flood," said a low voice at his elbow, and turning he saw Miss Flanders. "I am sorry I have kept you waiting. Those people at the house have such prying dispositions that I thought it best to wait until I found an opportunity to steal away unobserved. Do not let us walk that way, sir, but *towards* the river. It will be much more quiet, and we shall attract less observation."

"As you wish, madam. Let us have no trifling. You have sought me for a purpose, and you have promised to inform me what that purpose is. We are alone now, and you can speak without any danger of being overheard. Why are you here?"

"To tell you that I know you as you really are," replied Miss Flanders. "What was I six years ago, and what am I now? Then I was a happy wife, and possessed a pleasant home. Now I am an outcast, the plaything of the world. You came into my country home, and with the cunning of a serpent, poured into my ears tales of my husband's infidelity. I was young and foolish then, and I was fascinated by your person and address, and not only lent a willing ear to the stories you told me of my husband's faithlessness, but believed the vows of love you made from day to day. My husband disappeared. No one could tell how, and it was said he had fallen into the river and been drowned. I, a short year afterward, became your bride. I knew not then that blood was on your hands, and did not shudder when you clasped me to your breast. I loved you truly and devotedly. God only knows the depth of the love I bore you. After the first joy of possession had passed away, you became cold, unfeeling and indifferent. You treated my love with contempt; my caresses you repulsed, and in less than six months you deserted me, leaving me poor and friendless. I was compelled to barter my body in exchange for gold. Then I determined to be revenged upon you, who had wrought my ruin. One night there was a terrible fight in the house in which I was living, and a man called Ben Foster was mortally hurt. He called me to him and asked my forgiveness for a great wrong he had done. He told me how, when he was laboring under the effects of drink, you had wrought upon his evil passions until he was ready to do any horrid deed. He told me how, coward-like, you had stolen upon poor Frank Carlisle unperceived, and had stabbed him in the back. How you and he had taken up Carlisle's body and had carried it to the high rock that overhung the river and hurled it into the dark waters far below. He died, and I forgave him, for he had taught me the true character of the man that I had fondly loved, and who had basely betrayed me. Not that way, sir. Let us proceed along the river. It is more quiet and deserted."

"It is," muttered Flood to himself. "Go but a few feet farther and I will be answerable that this shall be your last night on earth." Then he said aloud: "Admitting that this story of yours is true, madam, what possible use can you make of it against me? Foster's confession was not made before a magistrate, and cannot benefit you in the slightest degree. You have overshot your mark, madam. I am well aware that there is a good deal of the devil in your composition, although you wear so smooth an exterior. Still I do not fear you. You are not my wife, and have no claim upon me. A ruined gambler performed the ceremony that you supposed united us, and however binding such a proceeding might be in New York, it would not have the weight of a feather in Mississippi, the State where it took place."

They were passing along by the docks, and the moon cast its silvery light upon the dark and silent waters, causing them to sparkle with the lustre of diamonds.

"Fool!" exclaimed the woman; "do you suppose that I will seek redress for my injuries by appealing to the law? You do not know me. I prefer a surer, speedier vengeance, and I will have it ere long."

They were passing by an arched door, sunk deep in the wall of a huge warehouse, and as the last words passed Miss Flanders' lips she dropped her handkerchief. As she stooped to pick it up a knife glistened in the hand of Flood, and in another second it was buried in her neck. The blow had scarcely been struck when two men sprang from the archway of which we have spoken, and one of them caught Miss Flanders as she fell, while the other, raising a heavy club, shattered Flood's skull as though it was but glass. Flood uttered a low, gurgling cry, and then fell prone upon the ground.

"Just too late to save the girl, but I guess I've settled this fellow," said the man with the club, who was no other than Dan Gregory. "Let's look at the gal, Mike, and see if she's gone under. It's all up. Her jug'lar's cut. Aint it lucky I got the five hundred in advance. I wonder if either of them has anything worth taking? Here, you look out for the gal, while I go through the man."

They searched the two bodies for valuables, and their efforts were well rewarded. After they had finished their horrible work Mike remarked:

"We'd better throw them into the river, an' get rid o' them intirely. The p'lice will be here in a minit an' ave they see a sign ave us they'll arrest us for suspicion."

"Give me a lift with this fellow till I get him on my shoulders. You carry the gal."

In a few moments the two bodies were carried to the end of the dock, and cast into the water, and the next tide carried them far out to sea.

Dan Gregory and Mike sought their usual haunt, and there divided their blood stained spoil between them.

Gregory was afterward shot in a drunken brawl in a dance house in Water street, and Mike is now serving out a term in Sing Sing for a highway robbery.

The sudden disappearance of Miss Flanders and Flood created a great sensation in Mrs Glume's boarding house, and after awhile it came to the ears of the police, who instituted a diligent search for the missing parties, but, as may be imagined, their efforts did not meet with success.

After the first excitement was over it began to be generally believed at Mrs. Glume's that Mr. Flood and Miss Flanders had fallen in love with each other at first sight and had eloped together.

The persons who took the disappearance most to heart were Messrs. Sommerbell and Conklin, the former because he thought Miss Flanders had deliberately swindled him out of money, and the latter because he could find no opportunity to display his musical attainments at surprise parties.

A THEATRICAL REMINISCENCE.

Some few months ago, while on a visit to London, I was surprised, on strolling through that city, to find how rapidly the old landmarks were giving way to modern improvements. I had sauntered one evening to that part of the city known as Lambeth, when my eye and interest were attracted by an old dilapidated building—the only one of a long row left, the others having been pulled down, and this one evidently awaiting its turn next. There was nothing in its appearance to excite curiosity from any one who knew naught of its previous history—but to me it appeared like the battered face of an old friend; nor was it long ere I espied the remnants of, to me, at least, the omnipotent of "The Bower Theatre."

Many an one now roaming or settled on this broad continent will at once recognize their old rendezvous where, in youthful glee and jollity—having, in a way best known to themselves, secured the "thrippence" entrance fee—they have so often roared at the stale wit of poor old Bob Lambert, the clown, or counted and admired the then seemingly graceful steps of that famous champion clog-dancer, Booth, (no relation, by the way, to the present renowned family of that name). All, all gone now; name and fame and friends, along with the bricks and mortar, scattered to the four winds of heaven; with no visible signs of the fawdry array of gilt, sandust, oil lamps and other requisites necessary to the "make-up" of an institution of this kind. Staring me in the face was an old, blistered, two-story building, which seemed a blot upon the scene of the vastly improved street, with its line of newer tenements and shops ranged on either side. As I stood lingering over the *debris* of this once familiar spot, my thoughts reverted to the many scenes I had witnessed enacted therein, and one in particular rose in my mind's eye which I will not readily forget.

The times had done pretty fair by Manager Hodson, and he had determined to give the reigning favorite a benefit. The favorite was, of course, Booth, whose wonderful agility with the clogs Manager Hodson knew full well was an immense attraction, for he had lately danced for a silver belt with a rival sprung-heel on those boards and won it and he was therefore in the full bloom of success. The old fashioned custom of allowing the *beneficiaire* to present his own bill of amusement was not declared from in this particular instance, and our hero, who, occasionally, had wild flights of Macready and tragedy generally, and Shakespeare in particular, undertook the arduous *role* of Hamlet.

I need scarcely say the house was crammed; crammed it was, for printers' devils, shoe blacks, and the heterogeneous conclave who always made up the greater part of the audience at this popular resort, to their honor be it said, unlike the *habitues* of more fashionable purlieus, fairly took the matter in hand, without bothering themselves about the capabilities of their favorite in this particular branch of the business, and accordingly a bumper was the result.

The time for the raising of the curtain was fixed, 7.30 precisely, and at twenty-eight minutes past seven o'clock the stage manager came to the footlights and announced, amidst much uproar and confusion, that the parts of Polonius and Ophelia, by particular request, had been cut out, so as to allow time for a variety entertainment after the play was done.

The orchestra now struck up and the play fairly commenced. In dumb show—for there was too much noise to hear a word—the play proceeded till the entrance of Hamlet in the second scene, when a great ovation was given to him, and I am confident that nothing but the solemn and pompous manner of the heavy man of the theatre, who was playing the part of the King, restrained the audience from asking for a dance on the spot.

Even the respect ordinarily given to our hero, when in his legitimate line of business, could not allay the increasing and evident distaste with which the audience were viewing the truly poor acting of Hamlet and the other characters. Human nature could stand no more, and after patiently wading through four scenes, a trifling accident rather altered the course of things, but tended very materially to put the audience in a better humor. After bidding Horatio and Marcellus to "Un'and me, gentlemen," &c., he had followed the Ghost off, and Scene 5 opened to view, with the Ghost standing in his accustomed position awaiting Hamlet, who, as he came on to the stage, stumbled slightly over something in his path, and to keep himself from fairly falling, had recourse to the three last whirls in a *pas de seul*. This by no means disconcerting him, he made for his position to confab with the Ghost—but alas, too late, for the gods in the gallery had with great relish noticed this impromptu piece of acting, and not being awed into silence by any one upon the stage, at first a murmur arose, until it increased, and shrieks and cat-calls rent the air, intermingled with cries of "Orpipe!"

Rather surprised himself at the turn affairs had taken, but, nevertheless, nothing loth to shake off for a few moments the tragic air which he had assumed, and which so ill-assorted with the continual bye-play of his feet, they having been very restless and seemingly out of place during the performance, he anxiously looked at the orchestra, who, quickly taking the hint, struck up the very familiar air of a hornpipe, and soon Hamlet was, for once at least, whirling round the stage in the popular representation of a sailor's hornpipe, and taking particular notice at each gyration not to trip up the ghost, who was quietly standing upon a sliding board, looking on, and awaiting to be run into the prison of "not he musn't unfold nothing to nobody"—so he said—and everlasting fire.

The hornpipe over, Hamlet, seemingly greatly relieved, as well as his audience, fell into position, and the play went smoothly on.

Between the fourth and fifth acts the indulgence of the audience was prayed for on behalf of Mr. Hodson, who, through the absence of the proper party, would assume the part of Laertes in the last scene (that being Laertes' first appearance)—and on he came, dressed in black tights and velveteen brigand jacket, and began fighting a desperate broad-sword combat with Hamlet the moment he got upon the stage, without a word of excuse or explanation for so doing. This broad-sword combat, in the place of the usual foiling, was, I have no doubt, an innovation of the manager's, who was fully aware of the great advantage to be gained by the most popular instrument of stage warfare, and who cared less for Shakespeare than for the sympathy of his audience.

The fight lasted for nearly five minutes, at the end of which time Laertes, having been disarmed, staggered and fell, and Hamlet toppled over him, when, amidst tremendous applause, the curtain was rung down.

MADALINE, THE LITTLE FRENCH SINGER.

A little girl sat in a garden in Paris. Her hands were folded idly in her lap. Her hair shone like gold in the sunlight. Her dress was plain and neat, while a small diamond pin, which held the fine cambric handkerchief carelessly thrown around her neck to protect it from the morning air, revealed that her position in life was one of ease and affluence.

It was in October. A few flowers yet bloomed among the borders of boxwood; a few bunches of grapes purpled out of reach on the trellises; while the falling leaves were twirled here and there by the breeze. The little girl watched a whirling leaf for awhile, then patted the head of the house dog, that sat beside her looking wistfully in her face—a gruff, grim, faithful sentinel, in his shaggy coat.

"Well, old Carlo," she said, still patting him, "how do you do anyhow? I want somebody to talk to. There is nobody at the house this morning but old Mother Connaut, and she is as grum as an ogress and as crabbed as a griffin. She won't talk, nor romp nor nothing. She is a good old soul, though, I must say. Don't you think so, Carlo? Many a dainty bit she has set aside for you—at least a dog would call such bits dainty. But I forget. Connaut will not talk, and you cannot—though I believe that you would if you could."

Carlo rubbed his nose affectionately against the little girl's knees, and wagged his tail, scattering the pebbles in the walk. The little girl took up a few of the pebbles, and while she tossed them about in her hands she sang a verse of a song. Oh, it was delicious! like the trill of a bird—clear, distinct, rapturous.

Just then a man jumped over a low place in the garden wall and came toward the little singer. The dog growled threateningly.

"Be quiet, Carlo," said she. "Down with you."

The intruder was a little old man, with gold spectacles and a massive gold watch chain. His face was full, kind, genial. His broad chin was smoothly shaven, his eyes twinkled merrily, and he had an odd trick of shrugging up his shoulders.

"Good morning, Miss," said the old gentleman.

The little girl did not know what to say, so she nodded pleasantly.

"You will excuse me," he said.

"What for?" asked she.

"For jumping over the wall."

"O! other folks do come in through the gate, since I think of it. That is what gates are for," said the little girl.

"My name is Cruvelli, Professor Cruvelli," said the old man, a little pompously.

"And mine is Madaline," said she. "I live here."

"So I thought," said the professor, taking a pinch of snuff. "Perhaps you do not know me. I am a musician—a great violinist—a composer. I make people laugh and cry. They risk suffocation to hear me; they crowd; they cry 'bravo' and *encore*. I don't mind them. I draw my bow, I play my arias, and grow rich—very rich. I am trying to talk now so that you can understand me. I heard you sing. Your voice is sweet and clear; it leaps the octaves; it cuts the air like a lark in the morning. I have just composed a precious little *morceau*. You shall learn it. You shall sing it at the theatre."

"No, I shall not," said Madaline, bluntly.

"I will give you one hundred francs."

"No."

"Five hundred."

"No."

"Five hundred francs every time you sing it."

"Please excuse me," said Madaline.

"Why will you not sing it?"

"Oh, I might consent to sing it, but not in the theatre. That is a wicked place. It is wrong to be seen there. It is no place for little girls."

"Well, you may be right, Madaline," and the professor took another pinch of snuff, and crammed the box into his pocket in a manner which betrayed that he was slightly vexed.

"You may be right, I say. But come to my house and learn the aria, anyhow. Here is my card."

Madaline took the card and the old gentleman left, again jumping over the wall. She started for the house with the dog at her heels. At the gate she was met by a boy. His clothing, though neat, was threadbare. His eyes were clear and honest, and his forehead high and broad. He had a crutch in one hand, and leaned upon another.

"Good morning, Madaline," said he.

"How do you do, Lionel?" she answered briskly.

"Not very well. That fall through the hatchway has crippled me for life. What am I to do now?"

"Yes, that is it. What are you to do now? I cannot tell."

"If I could go to college—to *L'Ecole de Droit*."

"You would become a great man, eh?" and Madaline's eyes shone as she spoke.

"Perhaps not," said Lionel, blushing.

"And why not go?"

"Ah! why not? That you should ask!"

"I understand you. You have not the means. Well, how much will it take?"

"To graduate?"

"So! You have even thought of that! Well, how much will it take?"

"I have never asked. A great sum, Madaline—more than I can ever raise. Let us not talk about it. It makes me feel sad."

Madaline shaded her eyes with her hands a minute. Something was flashing through her busy little brain.

"Lionel," she said, "I have often thought of you—especially since that shocking accident. You have always been kind to me. You have done me some favors."

"None worth speaking of Madaline."

"Perhaps I can help you to the money. I will try. Mind, I only said *perhaps*. Meet me here at this time to-morrow."

"I will Madaline. May God bless you."

Madaline hurried into the house. She did not see that the crippled boy threw kisses after her with his hand.

Up stairs she went. She was in search of her father. She found him in the library. He was an elderly man with pleasant face, and light hair like hers, only his face just then wore a sad and worried look.

He looked up and spoke to her, and then became absorbed in the mass of papers on the table in front of him.

"Pa," she cried, "I want you to give me five hundred francs in the morning."

He merely elevated his brows a little; but upon her repeating the request, he looked up and asked her what she wanted with so much money.

"That is to be a secret," she replied. "I will put it to good use."

"I have no doubt of that. I would like to oblige my little girl very much," he said, kindly, although his face grew sadder, "but at present I cannot. My mind and money must be directed into another channel. Things have not been going right, and it will require much watchfulness and more economy to save me from a serious loss."

A moment afterwards he was again lost in those mysterious papers, forgetting that his little daughter Madaline was in the room.

Did she pout, and storm, and insist upon being humored? No, she did not; she was too good for that. She felt and knew that her father's reason for not obliging her was sufficient to himself, and she felt it her duty to believe that it should be sufficient to herself also. She stole quietly out of the room though slightly disappointed.

How was she to aid Lionel now? She thought of the proposition made to her in the garden. She looked on the card and saw on it,

"PROF. VERNET CRUVELLI,
No. 49 Rue de Rivoli."

"I will go and see him this afternoon," she said to herself; and then she sang a verse of the little song that had attracted the attention of the composer.

She went to his house in the afternoon, and met Lionel at the garden gate the next morning, as she had promised she would. And every day thereafter for a week she went to the professor's to practice.

In a little while, on flaming placards, was read a notice of a new musical prodigy—"Le Petite Gabrielle, the wonderful;" "The Little Queen of Song," etc. The theatre in which she sang drew great crowds.

"I believe I will go and hear the little singer who is creating such an excitement," said Madaline's father, pushing back his chair from the supper table. "This is announced as the third and last night. Would you like to go, Madaline?"

"Excuse me, pa," she said. He was not looking at her just then, or he would have wondered why her face grew so red.

On the evening of Madaline's engagement at the theatre a carriage called for her at the house of the professor, and left here there again. It did not take her long to perform her part, and it came early on the programme. Hence, she had not been from home long enough to have made her absence a subject of remark.

Madaline's father went to the theatre. At the appointed time a beautiful, fair-haired girl, plainly and chastely attired, came on the stage and sang.

Oh, such singing! It was grand, exquisite! Demonstrations of applause rent the building. The father clapped his hands in delight, and cried "*encore*" with the rest. He knew his little girl. He made his way to the door of the green-room. He got into the carriage with her.

"Madaline, what does this mean?" he asked.

"Forgive me, pa! I shall sing no more in public. They paid me five hundred francs a night."

"Five hundred francs!"

"Yes. Three nights—fifteen hundred francs. To-morrow I shall give them to Lionel the cripple. He wants to go the Academy *L'Ecole de Droit*!"

"You dear little angel!" cried her father, embracing and kissing her.

"And was it for that you wanted me to give you that money? You say you will not sing any more."

"If you do not wish me to."

"Yes, but you shall. I *do* wish you to. The hand of Providence is in this. That my child should have such a gift! See here, Madaline: through the treachery of a friend I have become fearfully embarrassed."

"Is that why you put me off when I asked you for money? And I shall sing for you how many nights?"

"As many as need be, you dear, good child."

And Madaline—Le Petite Gabrielle of the flaming placard—sang for the season, and saved her father from bankruptcy.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SHOE.—A French journal gives the following account of Marie Antoinette's shoe, now preserved in the Museum of Sovereigns at the Louvre. On the 16th of Oct. 1793, when Sanson descended from the scaffold after executing the unfortunate Queen, he saw one of the soldiers on duty endeavoring to arrest two boys who had concealed themselves under the guillotine during the execution. One of them had dipped a handkerchief in the royal blood, and the other held a shoe which had fallen from the platform. The boy with the handkerchief was taken, and was only saved from the guillotine by his tender age. The other boy got off with the shoe, which he and his son kept as a relic till 1859, when the latter carried it in a velvet bag to Count Horace de Viel Castel, conservitor of the Museum of Sovereigns, by whom, of course, it was gladly accepted. The shoe is small, considering that she was a tall woman.

WHITE VS. BLACK.—Billy Putman, one of the "white trash," and Leslie Read, a "culled pusson," have been matched to run one mile for a purse of $25 at Bangor, Me., on Thanksgiving Day.

OUR GAME BAG.

*Golden Gleanings—Merry Th

THE RING.

PROLONGED BATTLE IN DAKOTA TERRITORY

BETWEEN

JOHNNY HARDY AND JOHNNY SHAUNESSY, FOR $500 A SIDE.

HARDY WINS BY A FOUL.

136 ROUNDS, 2 HOURS 23 MINUTES.

A protracted and slashing fight took place at Cheyenne, Dakota Territory, on the 9th inst., between Johnny Hardy and Johnny Shaunessy for $1,000, the full details of which will be found below:—

Hardy has appeared once previously in the ring, beating Nick Venter in seventeen rounds. He is a blacksmith by trade and although it was conceded by his friends that in science Shaunessy is far his superior, they confided in his ability to give and receive punishment, and the sequel proved that they had not miscalculated. He weighed on the day of the battle, 148lbs. Shaunessy has figured in the circle several times before and has acquired considerable reputation in the far West as a sharp, hard fighter, possessing more than ordinary science. His skill and endurance, which had already been tested satisfactorily, gave his partisans much confidence and they risked their money freely on him weighing in twenty rounds. He pulled down the scale at 142lbs.

The day was cold and disagreeable, a high wind peculiar to that country prevailing and blowing the dust in perfect clouds, which interfered seriously with the comfort of the ring goers. The engagement took place about one mile from Cheyenne, inside a corrall erected expressly for the occasion, and to the credit of all parties good order was strictly maintained throughout, and the best of feeling prevailed. The universal desire was to give them a fair field, and let the best man win. It was witnessed by about three hundred people, and all speak in the highest terms of the management, as also of the behavior of the contestants and the decision of the referee. On appearing upon the ground the parties looked better than was anticipated after such a brief period of preparation. Hardy had a slight contusion over the right eye, caused by an accident to his training; the ruddy glow of his skin showed perfect health, and every one felt sure he would make a hard fight. Shaunessy, on the contrary, looked somewhat pale, and a want of clearness about the skin showed conclusively that he was not fully up to the mark, and while his physique was faultless, still he did not possess that glow of health evident in his antagonist. He had the call in the betting at long odds, with few takers. On the toss for corners, Shaunessy won, and owing to the severe wind and dust this was considered by many largely in his favor. At fourteen minutes to three P. M., Shaunessy shied his cap into the ring and jumped over the ropes, quickly followed by Hardy, and ten minutes later the combatants were escorted to the scratch by their seconds, and shook hands previous to commencing

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. From the simple attitude of the men, and their movements as they walked about watching for an opportunity to invest, it was more apparent than ever that Shaunessy was decidedly the most accomplished of the two in the art, and the odds rose higher in his favor ere a blow was struck. Hardy finally thought that he saw a good opening and tried to fill it with a left-hander, but Shaunessy wasn't there when the blow arrived. A second attempt resulted likewise, and in the return Shaunessy fell short. A close, when some lively fibbing ensued, ending by Hardy dropping to avoid a vicious lunge from his rival's right.

2. Both appeared shy of commencing and advanced and retreated for some minutes. After several vain attempts on either side, Hardy landed a light left-handed shot on the dial, catching a similar plant on the left eye, not heavy enough to disturb his equilibrium, but he went down to avoid.

3. They sparred and feinted until the patience of the assemblage was exhausted, which they made known in an unmistakable manner, and then the two Johnnies set to work at long range, but after one blow had been exchanged Hardy was down, having evidently made up his mind to try and counterbalance superior science in this fashion, which the spectators didn't like to see.

4. Urged on by their partisans, they commenced work sharply as soon as they had faced each other, Shaunessy taking the initiative with a swinging right-handed hit, which caught Hardy on the left auricular organ, and drew first blood. Hardy returned the compliment by a token of esteem on the facial promontory, some warm in-fighting being terminated by the latter again getting down.

5 to 9. These rounds were very short and similar in character. Very few blows were delivered on either side, and each bout was ended by Hardy reposing upon the cold, cold ground, not upon compulsion.

10. Shaunessy, annoyed by the tactics adopted by Hardy, looked as though he was ready to make an instalment on the latter's anatomy which should effectually banish the tantalizing grin with which he looked up at him each time he dropped. Shaunessy opened the ball at once, rapping Hardy "severely, very severely" on the bad eye, delivering with both hands, and receiving a hot'un on the short ribs. Shaun retaliated with a spanking hit on the ivory box, and was paid with interest on the neck, when H. dropped to escape an ugly upper-cut.

11. By mutual consent the music was started the instant the men toed the mark, opening with a splendid counter, Hardy getting home on the ribs with his left, and catching a hot and heavy smack on the snuff receptacle. He turned aside a well-intended visitor to his conk, and punched Hardy rather low down as the latter was falling. Foul was claimed by Shaunessy's party, but not allowed. In this round Hardy dislocated the fingers of his right hand, completely disabling that useful member, and fought to the close entirely with his left. Shaunessy's friends were now wild with enthusiasm, considering the matter definitely settled.

12 and 13. Both men thoroughly warmed up, and went at it with right and left the moment they got within distance, Hardy taking the lead each time, once on Shaunessy's ribs and again on the dial plate. They fought to a close, a fibbing match ensued and Hardy was down, as usual.

14. Hardy fought hard; the injury to his right hand having plainly got his blood up, and succeeded in landing a smasher on the jaw, which staggered Shaun, and ere he recovered he had napped a second on the ribs. Hardy down again.

15. Hardy resumed operations immediately, investing on the left breast with his left, and receiving a heavy counter on the head. Hardy down. In this round Shaunessy also disabled his right hand, and now it was a sure thing on having a left-handed fight.

16 to 22. Very much alike, and didn't amount to shucks. Hardy dropped every round after a single exchange had been made, much to the dissatisfaction of those around the ring, although he thereby increased his chances of pulling off the event. In the 22d, foul was claimed by Hardy's party, because Shaun had hit him as he was falling, but the referee ordered the men to fight on.

23. Shaunessy was becoming exasperated by Hardy's falling, and in this round showed his skill to better advantage than at any other time during the fight. He pressed Hardy closely and sent home a lightning blow, square in the mouth, completely knocking Hardy off his pins. *First knock down* for Shaunessy.

24 to 34. Hardy was improving each round and had the best of the fighting, which caused the betting to fluctuate between even and odds on him. As usual he dropped to avoid in every bout.

35. Shaunessy was first to lead off this time, sending home a left hander, straight from the shoulder on the nose, causing Hardy to wince, and lending additional vim to the return, which Shaun received on the ribs. A rally, marked by sharp half-arm fighting, and H. was down.

36. This round lasted longer than any during the fight, and good work was done by both parties; Hardy dropped on one knee three times to shun blows, for which foul was claimed by Shaunessy's party, but not allowed.

37. They went at it ding dong, Shaunessy commencing by letting drive with his left on Hardy's sore eye, increasing the gash. The latter was short in the return and Shaun got in two more good ones on the nose and left eye before Hardy could effect a landing, which he finally succeeded in doing on the conk, when he went down.

38. After a little fiddling Shaunessy, endeavoring to push matters and Hardy keeping out of danger, the former pasted his antagonist terrifically on the cheek with his left, which sent him down like a log.

39 to 48. Both men were bleeding profusely, Hardy from a brace of cuts over the eyes and Shaunessy from a slit in the lip and the nose; the blows exchanged, although few comparatively, having considerable steam in 'em. The betting had again changed to odds on Shaun, Hardy seemingly falling off.

49 to 75. The men fought well and gamely, Jack being about as good as his master, although Hardy was gaining and the betting was again at evens. Shaun, in order to put a stop to his rival's drop game, rushed in and clinched, and after a desperate struggle they generally came to grief together. The punishment was severe on both sides and the men bled profusely, while their features were out of all shape.

76. This was one of the best rounds in the battle. The men were always at the scratch in time and fought with the utmost gameness, Hardy's blows proving most effective, but Shaunessy landing a greater number which made up for their lack of that power marking those of his antagonist. Hardy got home a terrifier on the proboscis, causing the blood to spurt forth afresh, deluging the manly bosom of the O'Shaunessy, who managed to return the favor with a red hot shot on the eye, which also distilled the ruby fluid.

77 to 120. Hardy, bent on exhausting his opponent, continued his dropping system more persistently than for the last score of rounds, seldom allowing Shaun to clinch him, and thereby gaining wind and strength, while the latter was becoming gradually weaker and weaker. In the 78th and 103d rounds Hardy was again knocked completely off his pedals, and in the 91st he succeeded in doing likewise to Shaunessy. Most of the latter's blows were delivered on his opponent's head, while Hardy's main point of attack was the ribs. Belting remained about even, albeit some enthusiastic partisan would occasionally sing out odds on one or the other.

121. Shaunessy again went for Hardy's head and caught him once heavily, Hardy returning on the body three times in quick succession.

122 to 125. Hardy still plays his little game and saves punishment. It was now evident that the fight must soon terminate, both having lost an immense amount of blood and being very weak, with their faces completely disfigured and their ribs and cheats badly swollen. Added to this both their right hands were badly swollen and extremely painful. Still both were game and answered to the call of time promptly. Hardy got in one on the ribs, without a return, and went down.

126. Hardy's party confident, and offering five to one with no takers. Hardy led out and sent three successive blows on the ribs, going down, and Shaunessy hitting him on the ribs after he fell—a palpable foul, which was claimed by Hardy's party and allowed by the referee, thus ending the fight in favor of Hardy. No fault could be found with the decision of the referee, and many argued that he should have allowed the claims of Hardy's party before; but the universal desire to see the matter decided by hard fighting completely overruled all trifling technicalities. All would have been glad to have seen the fight end purely by hard knocks, but rules must be observed. Altogether it was a game fight, and both received severe punishment.

WHITE AFTER KELLY AGAIN.—Billy White ain't satisfied with the manner in which his fight with Darby Kelly on the 7th inst., near Savannah, Ga., was decided, and therefore challenges the old Fourth Warder to give him one more chance, which the latter has probably agreed to ere this. It seems that it was a pretty sure thing for Kelly even had no foul taken place, he having things pretty much as he wanted them after the ninth round.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY there is to be rare sport, we are told, at Manchester Bob's quoit and skittle grounds, South Brooklyn, including a game at quoits by two professionals, a bagatelle match, and a game at "knock 'em down" by the cracks of the day. For a more precise address see Bob's advertisement elsewhere.

BRIEF FISTIC ENGAGEMENT

BETWEEN

DAN DORNAN AND BIGLEY, NEAR FT. STEADMAN, VA.

BIGLEY WINS IN FIVE ROUNDS AND TEN MINUTES.

The lovers of displays pugilistique in and about the city of Petersburg, in the Old Dominion, have been for some time on the tip-toe of expectation in regard to a projected box between a couple of wearers of Uncle Sam's livery, belonging to Co. O, 21st Infantry, and named respectively Bigley and Dornan, the former being a tooter on the soul-stirring fife and the latter a wielder of the sledge and tongs. In consequence of the recent raid on the fraternity near Washington, the lambs were obliged to keep shady, but the shoulder-strapped high-cockalorums having got an inkling of it, those having the conduct of affairs gave out as a blind that the mill would be brought off at Swift Creek, a spot rendered famous during the rebellion. This had the desired effect of putting the military on the wrong scent, although it likewise bamboozled many others who wanted to see the sport. While the forces sent by order of Gen. Schofield were posted at the expected battle ground, ready to pounce upon and gobble up the principals and abettors as soon as they showed up, the boys having the office were gathered at "Skid" Shadbolt's Parlor and other sporting houses in the Cockade City, laying in a stock of invigorating beverages and making other preparations for a tramp to a well-known spot called the "Crater." About midnight the lads, a couple of hundred in all, soldiers and citizens, some of the latter from the City of Hills, dropped off in squads of half a dozen, and reached their destination shortly after break of day, but not too early for Old Griff, the proprietor of the farm, who declared that they should not fight on his plantation, and swearing that if they persisted in so doing he would bring his shooting irons to bear on them. Not wishing to create any disturbance, the party then took up a line of march across the fields towards Fort Steadman, where, the ground having been cleared, a ring was formed, ropes being dispensed with by mutual consent, and the men began to make preparations for the affair.

Bigley stands five feet and eleven inches in his stockings, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. He was seconded by Johnny McGlade (who was beaten by Sam Collyer some time since in Pennsylvania), assisted by Cockney Jack. Dornan is five feet five and a half inches in height, and weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. His seconds were Barney Manhattan and Jim Mulqueen. Bigley, on stripping, showed evidence of good training. His flesh looked firm, the skin was a lively red, and the muscular development was exceedingly fine. Dornan seemed to be out of condition. His skin looked white and flabby, and he showed too much fat; his movements were languid, and he evidently looked as if he had no stomach for the repast of which he was to partake, and besides, he seemed to be under the influence of liquor. Bigley's colors were red, Dornan's were green. Dornan having won the toss, selected the highest ground, with the sun to his back. Dornan was first to enter the ring, and was immediately followed by Bigley. At half-past one o'clock "time" was called, and the men faced each other for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. About half a minute was spent in precautionary skirmishing, each endeavoring to take the measure of the other before entering upon their work. The smith looked pale, and exhibited some twitching about his mouth. The fifer was comfortable and confident. Bigley put in the first blow on Dornan's left cheek, and in attempting to get away, caught a short left hander on the side of his face, which did not do much damage. Pretty sharp in-fighting ensued; the men rushed together and the smith fell heavily upon his shoulder, his feet vaulting high in the air. In the course of the round Bigley got in a stinger on the smith's tater trap, which tapped the claret, when a shout went up from Bigley's friends, and *first blood was claimed and allowed.* At the close of the round the friends of Dornan put in a claim of foul, they asserting that Bigley had struck him while he was down. This, however, was not allowed. Time of round, three minutes.

2. On calling time, both men toed the scratch smiling, and went to work with a vim. They both seemed anxious to force the fight. Bigley got in some severe blows on his opponent's conk, and knocked him clear off his pins. *First knock down* for Bigley.

3. The men went to their work at once, without any preliminary sparring. Dornan fighting shy. Heavy blows were exchanged, and by a heavy sledge hammer blow Dornan was again sent to grass.

4. Both men went promptly to the scratch, Dornan displaying a large mouse under his left peeper. Lively in-fighting. Blows were exchanged briskly, when Bigly planted his right manly fairly upon Dornan's smeller, which caused the claret to flow freely. Dornan was again measured for a full suit.

5. Dornan's blinkers rapidly closing. Lively sparring. Dornan followed Bigley around the ring, hitting wildly. Bigley again put in a sockdologer on his proboscis, which carried him to the ground. He was taken to his corner. Odds offered on Bigley, but no takers. On time being called for round six, Dornan refused to come to taw, and the sponge was thrown up in token of his defeat. Time of fight, ten minutes. Bigley came out of the mill without a scratch.

As soon as the fight was over the parties left the field on their return to the city. On the New Market road they were met by a party of soldiers which had been sent out to prevent the fight, and the principals and four citizens, whose love for the manly sport had carried them to the field, were arrested and marched under guard to town. Bigley and Dornan were carried to the camp, and the unfortunate spectators were required by Captain Johnson, the military commander of Prince George county, to give bonds in the sum of $100, for their appearance on the 1st of December, to answer the charge of aiding and abetting the fight by their presence, which they did, and were discharged.

PETER MORRIS' FAREWELL EXHIBITION.

BIG TURN OUT AND GOOD BOXING.

There was another large influx of the boxing division to that paradise of the fraternity, Broadway Opera House, on the evening of the 19th inst., packing the little hall in every part, and bringing joy to the heart, and greenbacks to the pockets of the British Feather Weight Champion, the trim built scientific little boxer, Peter Morris, then on the eve of departure for the land of his nativity and good beer. The attendance exceeded in numbers that which could reasonably have been expected, when the brief notice given is taken into consideration, and shows the esteem in which the gallant foreigner is held by his brethren in the metropolis and the vicinity, as will be the case with every young fellow who conducts himself as civilly as he has done since his arrival among us. Nearly all the faces to be met with at most of these jamborees loomed up here and there throughout the packed and fun-loving auditory, while the Boatman—a walking verification of the old saying that continued laughter promotes corpulency—and a few kindred spirits, were conspicuous as ever by their good humored sallies and retorts, which prevented the audience from growing impatient while Father Toves wormed his way among them, looking up and pairing the boxers as few but him know how to do, although he don't get along so sprily as he did forty years ago to day.

More than ordinary difficulty was experienced in getting together an introductory couple, and it was all of half-past eight o'clock before a brace of shining lights of the great unwashed leather polishing brigade—whom Frank McIntyre, taking compassion on the much perplexed old gentleman, had paired as a *dernier resort*—clambered upon the mimic stage, donned the mittens and started the music to a lively tune. The boy with the auburn shirt proved too many altogether for his smaller opponent, however, and rained in the blows right and left, driving him all over the stage, which the little 'un took good-naturedly, and kept the auditors in a continual roar of merriment by his ludicrous attempts to ward 'em off and return an equivalent therefor. This just put the boys in the humor for something heavier, which they were at once treated to in the shape of a meeting between

Dooney Harris and a robustuous young fellow from the Provinces, who had been guyed into putting on the gloves with the wily returned Californian, Dooney asserting that he had been insulted by him, and he "just wanted a couple of rounds for satisfaction, you know." William was rather lushy, and the stranger wore an air which seemed to say, "Watch me bore holes through this fellow;" but very quickly did he find out his mistake, for Dooney skipped hither and thither like an industrious flea, first on one side then on the other, quick as a flash, putting in blows where never and wherever he wanted, and seldom being "there" when his confused and astonished looking antagonist essayed to reciprocate. Twice did the Gothamite twist him off his pedals, once going clean over the ropes and onto the floor, fortunately without sustaining any bodily injury. This pleased the lookers-on muchly, because the new comer evidently made up his mind to make mince-meat of Dooney, and they wanted to see him worsted. It was "pie" for Harris, who kept on a mischievous grin all the time he was upon the stage, and accepted it as a satisfactory adjustment of the "difficulty" which brought it about. McCloskey looked very much crestfallen as he dropped the gloves, and taking a back seat in the synagogue, assumed a horizontal position for the balance of the evening.

Dan Kerrigan, than whom a better man of his avoirdupois, or anything near it, did'nt exist when in his prime, and Mike Barry, a rising boxer, next mounted the stage and treated the spectators to a box in which science predominates over muscle, for Daniel is getting up in years, and don't care about roughing it, although he can take a hand in with any of them when 'tis necessary, you bet. Barry is a strapping young fellow, understands the art pretty thoroughly, and showed some fine points, but he didn't make two out of the ex-champion of the middle-weights, who planted a succession of pretty facers, and avoided the return in a manner which elicited the applause of the audience. The sparring was mostly at long range, but now and then urged on by some of the unquiet spirits, desirous of warmer work, they had it hot and heavy for a few moments. Altogether it was a set-to well worth the looking at, and the boys attested their appreciation in the usual fashion most heartily.

Young McLennan and Young Donnelly, a brace of roosters quite unknown to fame, followed and inaugurated a pummeling match in which science was as much at a discount as it was at a premium in the prior bout. They went in for hard bumps, and each delivered and received them to their heart's content, boosting each other from one side of the stage to the other, and as they jumped down their phimoses presented the appearance of boiled lobsters, while they puffed as though they had just repeated the old man's great feat of getting over seven miles within the hour.

Johnny Grady, who seldom misses an exhibition, and is ever ready to help the show pass off in apple pie order, now came forward, having as an opponent one who "isn't much known in these parts," but will be hereafter. The pair were very well mated, and those who know what the sailor boy can do with the gloves or without them will understand what that means, and to those who don't, we'll say that 'tis equivalent to saying the set-to was of the red not kind from the moment they put up their forks. Slogging was the word, and the way they plugged each other's anatomy was a caution to humans possessed of a delicate physique, but they didn't mind it a bit, wearing a broad grin continually, and Johnny grunting with satisfaction after his peculiar, and altogether inimitable manner. May they have it again.

Harry Hicken, a brother of Abe's, who created a sensation by his performances at the latter's and Sooke's benefit, came next, with that out-and-outer, Pete McGinnis, to face him. The Brooklynite generally manages to hold his own without trouble with any one he tackles, but he found his hands more than full when he stood up before the youth from beyond the sea, who showed to better advantage even than at his previous meetings, and peppered his antagonist as no one e'er did before, his blows being generally delivered on the face and resounding all over the house like the report of a Derringer persuader. Finding himself getting the hon's share of the punching at long range, Pete went in for clinching, and managed thereby to repay in a measure the liberties so unceremoniously taken with his frontispiece, although Harry wasn't idle here either, but gave as good as he received. They kept up the shake until both were so exhausted by the fast and furious work that they could scarcely lift their hands when tired nature forced them to let up. The Londoner's tactics perplexed and surprised Mac, and now that he understands better what is required, he'll do better the next time he and Harry come together. It was unquestionably the best set-to of the evening, and that everybody thought so was proved by the thunders of applause which greeted them as they transferred the barricades to

Barney Aaron and Billy Edwards, who gave a very pretty illustration of the science, the honors falling to the lot of the former, as he didn't allow the white-headed youth to rally him, but danced out of danger, ducked and cojged about in a way which those whom Billy is accustomed to encounter can't hold a penny dip to. We never saw Barney do better, and he well merited the plaudits which several brilliant passes evoked. At the conclusion of the bout Barney advanced to the fore and spoke as follows:—"I have been given to understand that somebody wants to match a 120lb man against me. Now, I did intend to retire from the ring after my last fight, but I'll fight any man in the world at 120lbs for $2,500 a side. I don't know who this man is, nor I don't care, but I'll fight anybody at that weight." James Collins said he was ready to make the match, each man put up a hundred dollar bill as forfeit, and agreed to adjourn to Colbert's and arrange the other necessary prelims. after the show was over. Barney received another storm of cheers as he stepped back and made room for Uncle Bill, who announced his exhibition for the 26th, and stated that Jim Sanford, a man older than himself, although he don't look it, would wind-up with him, which will be a treat to see, and the boys should make it a point not to miss it.

Peter Morris now made his appearance, with his champion silver belt girdled about his loins, accompanied by Dick Hollywood, the Nonpareil, whose duties in teaching young and old idea how to shoot from the shoulder prevent his appearing on the mimic boards as often as he was wont to in other days. The enthusiastic manner in which they were received showed what the boys thought of and expected from them. Barney Aaron now returned the thanks of Peter for favors received, exhibited the belt, and after Tovee had formally introduced the pair, the sport commenced. It was plain that each was bent upon besting his opponent, and watching each other like hawks they danced about the stage, keeping their eyes peeled for a chance to lead off with credit, until Peter, thinking he saw it, tried his left at the body, but Dick was out of range on the moment, and springing back ere Morris could recover his guard, pouliticed him hotly on the mouth and nose. This aroused the Londoner, and quick as lightning he sent his right on a mission of love, catching the Gotham lad on the jaw a smasher, which made him stand round, but he obtained satisfaction by another facer followed by a resounding smack on the ribs. Thus they had it for three rounds, each doing his level best to get the upper hand of the other, and demonstrating that in skill and power of hitting they are as near on an equality as could well be. It was a genuine glove fight from commencement to close, and as enjoyable an exhibition as any one would wish to see, more than satisfying everybody, and forming a fitting wind-up to a first rate entertainment.

BENDIGO IN LIMBO.—At the Nottingham, England, police court, on Nov. 7th, William Thompson, *alias* Bendigo, the ex-champion of England's P. R., was taken before the sitting magistrates on the charge of indecent conduct, and also with assaulting the police. Inspector Chamberlain said about noon on the previous day he saw the prisoner, who was very drunk, indecently exposing his person in Clifton street. He at once proceeded to take him into custody, but the ex-champion violently resisted, and the assistance of several other officers had to be obtained. He was at length overpowered and taken to the police station. On his way there he kicked police constable Hopewell with considerable violence, and on reaching the station he bit a piece out of the officer's coat sleeve. In answer to the charge prisoner said he was very sorry for what he had done. He was in liquor, or he should not have committed the offence. He would much rather help the police than do anything against them. The bench convicted him in a penalty of 40s. or 14 days' imprisonment with hard labor. The money was not forthcoming and the prisoner was locked up.

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—Vince Hammond, one of the old timers, and the first opponent of Yankee Sullivan in this country, twenty-six years agone, offers for sale a lot of A 1 game fowls; he having become too aged to bestow that attention upon them which he did in days gone by. Chicken fanciers would do well to peruse his card in this department.

LING AND LEE.—These men met at the Albion, Westminster street, Providence, R. I., according to appointment, but were unable to come to any agreement, except to disagree, and so ends the long-winded controversy between them.

BALL PLAY.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGES.

THE MUTUAL CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The Mutuals opened the season of 1867 very auspiciously. On the 12th of June they played their first game, their opponents being the Jefferson Club of New York, whom they defeated by the rather one-sided score of 58 to 1. After defeating the Eclectic Club June 19, by a score of 32 to 5, they met the crack club of New Jersey, at Irvington, on the 26th of the same month. The game was one of the closest and most exciting contests of the season, and resulted in the success of the Mutuals by one run—17 to 16. After winning trophies from the Independents and Eckfords, the Mutuals went to Newburgh on the 22d of July, where they played the Hudson River Club of that place, and defeated them by the handsome score of 27 to 6. After this they defeated in succession the Harlems (two games), Mohawks and Champions. Peters made his first appearance in the Mutual nine in the Mohawk game, August 1, (score 17 to 1,) and took part in all the games played during that month. Pike played at Newburgh by consent of the Hudson Rivers, and on August 5 he appeared in the nine as one of the regular players. On the 12th of August the Mutuals met their first defeat in a game for the championship with the Atlantics. Both clubs were represented by their best available players, and after an exciting game the Atlantics were successful by a score of 18 to 15. Two days afterward the Mutuals played the return game of their match with the well known Union Club of Morrisania, laid over from last season. This was undoubtedly the best played game of the season, the Mutuals suffering another defeat by the totals of 9 to 8. On the 20th of August the Mutuals met the crack club of Philadelphia on the Union Grounds, Williamsburgh, and were again vanquished—their third defeat in two weeks—by a score of 18 to 16. After defeating the Eureka Club of Newark, by 34 to 21, the Mutuals left town August 24th, on a week's trip to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. In the former city they played the celebrated National Club, winning by the tota's of 40 to 16. The following day they met with defeat at the hands of the Pastime Club of Baltimore. Thinking they had an easy job before them after so easily disposing of the champions of the South, Peters, Hatfield, Devyr and McMahon were left out of this game, and Patterson, Reed, Thorn and Zeller substituted. As a result of this want of judgment, the Mutuals were easily defeated by a score of 47 to 31. Somewhat chagrined at this unexpected event, the New Yorkers arrived at Philadelphia on the following day, to meet their engagement with the champions of the Keystone State. They met with a cordial reception at the hands of the fraternity in the Quaker City, and during their four days' stay were the recipients of many civilities. Their meeting with the Athletics and the result of the encounter between the crack clubs of Philadelphia and New York are matters of history, and need not be referred to in detail at this time. Suffice it to say, that after a gallant struggle victory remained with the Mutuals, the totals being 23 to 21. After this triumph over the Athletics, every one expected that the other clubs would fall easy victims to the prowess of the New Yorkers; but base ball, like the white man, is "mighty onsartin," and so it proved. They were defeated by the Keystones, (28 to 20,) after the game was suspended with sun, and the victorious party of the day before took a back seat on the "Baltimore platform." Rain prevented the pulling off of the Quaker City game, and on Saturday, Aug. 31, the Mutuals proceeded to West Philadelphia, where they played the club of that name. They succeeded in defeating the West Philadelphians, the score standing 28 to 23. On Sept. 4 they played the return game of their match with the Irvingtons, and were successful by 19 to 16. Martin resumed his old position as pitcher in this game, and with the exception of two matches, held it the balance of the season. After defeating the Independents, (return game) 71 to 25, Sept. 14, the Mutuals played the West Philadelphia, (32 to 18,) Athletic, (18 to 17,) Union, of Morrisania, (29 to 24) and Haymakers, (19 to 6 in five innings) in succession, winning trophies from them all. Oct. 7 the return game of the Atlantic match was played, and the latter club was again victorious by 32 to 17. After playing the return game with the Nationals, of Washington, whom they defeated by a score of 37 to 29, the Mutuals played their last game on the 28th of October with the same club they opened the season with—the Jefferson, of New York, and won by a score of 52 to 9. The following are the averages of the players:

	No. Games.	*Outs.*	*Average.*	*Runs.*	*Average.*	*Clean Score.*	*Blank Score.*
McMahon	24	46	1-22	85	3-13	3	3
Pike	21	51	2- 9	82	3-19	1	1
Hatfield	27	72	2-18	160	3-19	3	1
Devyr	29	97	3- 9	80	3- 3	0	0
Jewett	27	87	3- 6	77	3- 6	0	3
Waterman	27	89	3- 5	106	3-25	1	2
Bearman	25	75	3- 0	67	2-17	1	3
C. Hunt	26	60	3-10	97	3-25	2	1
R Hunt	14	42	3- 0	55	3-15	1	0
Martin	16	50	3- 2	54	3- 6	0	0
Zeller	12	38	3- 2	37	3- 1	0	0
Peters	10	42	4- 2	14	1- 4	0	3

The Mutuals played 30 first nine matches with association clubs. Of these they won 24, lost 5, and one was a tie. They made 912 runs to 531, an average of 30 to a match and 10 over. Their largest score was 71 and their smallest 8; the largest and smallest against them being 47 and 1 respectively.

Although by no means as successful a season for their favorites as the friends of the club anticipated, the Mutuals have reason to be proud of their record for 1867. Their victories over such strong clubs as the Athletics, Unions, "Haymakers," Nationals and Irvingtons stamp them as a strong playing club. The severe injury to Martin early in the season, and the bad judgment used in leaving him out of the nine on their excursion to Washington, tended to weaken their forces to a great extent. Of the five games lost Martin only played in one, Peters and Thorn pitching in the other four. Thorn lost one and Peters three. The absence of Dick Hunt from the nine for two months, through sickness, was considerable of a drawback. The Mutuals will undoubtedly put forth renewed efforts next season to win the coveted laurels of the championship.

CHAMPION CLUB OF JERSEY CITY.

This first class New Jersey club engaged in sixteen first nine matches with Association clubs during the past season. They were successful in eleven of these, scoring 670 runs, an average of 35 to a match and 10 over. They defeated the Eagle, Active, World and Fulton, of New York; Excelsior, of Paterson, N. J.; Bergen, of Bergen, N. J.; Oriental of Greenpoint; Peconic, of Brooklyn; Sparkhill, of Piermont, and Athlete, of Washington Heights, one game each, and the Olympic, of Paterson twice. They lost games with the Empire, of New York, (twice); Mutual, of New York; Olympic, of Paterson, and Athlete, of Washington Heights. Their highest score in a game was 73, and their lowest 18. The following is the average of the first nine players:—

	No. Games.	*Outs.*	*Average.*	*Runs.*	*Average.*	*Catches.*
Wilis	15	30	2- 0	76	5- 1	9
Snowden	16	31	1-15	75	4-11	24
Delaney	16	40	2- 8	62	3-14	21
Bliss	14	43	3- 1	50	3- 8	30
Edwards	14	49	3- 7	51	3- 9	7
Reynolds	11	23	2- 1	51	4- 7	8
Johnson	11	34	3- 1	42	3- 9	11
McMahon	14	45	3- 3	57	4- 1	14
Donnelly	6	19	3- 1	20	3- 2	10

This has been a very successful season for the Champions. Their club average is ahead of anything they have heretofore achieved, while the averages of the players are the best we have seen for the season. It is rarely that the averages of Willis, Snowden, Reynolds and McMahon are exceeded in any nine.

BUCKEYE BOYS AT THE BAT.

A very close, and consequently exciting, game of ball was decided at Carrollton, O., on the 16th inst., between the Wide Awake and Lone Star clubs, of that place, resulting in the victory of the former by the subjoined score:—

WIDE AWAKE.	H.L.	R.	LONE STAR.	H.L.	R.
Armstrong, c	3	2	McAninch, c	4	4
Benson, p	3	2	Lynn, p	1	5
McEnroe, s s	7	1	Corner, 1st b	2	4
Roberts	0	5	Hendrick, 2d b	3	2
Davis	2	4	Underwood, 3d b	3	3
Mahaney	4	3	Armstrong, l f	5	0
McGrew	7	0	Johnson, s s	4	1
Sharon	1	5	Benson, r f	3	2
Total	22		Total	21	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Wide Awake	6	3	7	1	1	2	1	0	1	—22
Lone Star	3	3	2	0	1	0	3	6	3	—21

Umpire—Wm. Wilson. Scorers—Messrs. McPherson and More.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

L'ENFANT PERDU.—The following letter, upon our "Tourney No. 1," is so original, characteristic and complete, that nothing remains but to give it entire. Our correspondent, "G. E. C.," says of it:

"Being assured that 'the lost babe' was correctly limned, I applied with renewed vigor to the attack; had no occasion, however, to use the 'mental chemicals.' A second examination of this problem has convinced me that the thing can't be did. Its author is greatly mistaken if he thinks to pass that off on us as genuine. There are 18 or 20 *moves* that *almost* accomplish this *infant* feide, but none of them fully succeed in bringing on the final agony. Among the rest there is a way just as near as possible—and miss it—in 6 coups. From all appearances, however, I should judge the following to be the composer's intended *modus*:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..B to Kt 6 +	K moves	4..K to R 8 *dis* +	B × R
2..R-R 6 +	K moves	5..Q-B 6 +	K × R
3..Kt-K 6 +	B × Kt	6..P × B, entering the Royal Rank, but preferring, very democratically, to remain a humble P, rather than take upon himself the rank and title justly due his meritorious services! But an inevitably "lost baby" must be be, if he presumes that he will be permitted to remain there in all his plebian dress, honored though it be with the marks of toil and strife received upon the hard fought field. No! friend Pawn, when you enter those aristocratic abodes you must lay aside all your democratic principles and, however unwilling you may be to have greatness thrust upon you, there is no remedy—no backing down. You are required, *at once*, to put yourself in the proper trim to stand upon that 'sacred soil.' If too modest to claim the badge of Royalty, you may content yourself with the humbler glories of Knighthood, or the vestments of the church; in this you have a privilege—but change your rank you must; there is no option. Well! this impudent Pawn, violating all the laws and usages of the game [Eating the *attempted law* of the B. C. A.—ED.] determines to remain as he is! Allowing this unprecedented proceeding, whatever White then plays, Black replies, 7..Q to Kt 6th, compelling 7. Kt, or K, takes Q. mate. But as this determination of the P is illegal, and cannot for one moment be allowed, it is readily seen that this method, which I presume to be the author's [it is] will not answer; and, therefore, the problem cannot be solved in the stipulated number of moves." That's the style in which we like these points brought out.

Enigma No. 600.

Second Prize Problem.—"Schach."

BY HERR J. KOHTZ.

at Q Kt 2, K 2, Q B 5, K 6, K Kt 5, Q Kt 7, K B 4, and 5th.

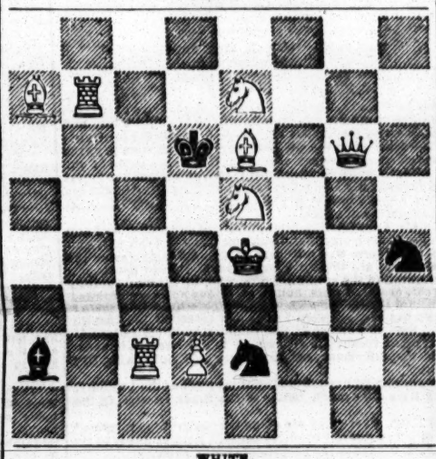
at home, Q R 5, Q B 3, Q R 3, and 4, Q Kt 6, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 600.—Tourney No. 8.

"Great Expectations."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in nine moves.

Game No. 600.

Fine game in the B. C. A.'s late Congress at Dundee, between Herr Neumann and Mr. Blackburne.—*Ill. London News.*

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Neumann.	Defence, Blackburne.	Attack, Neumann.	Defence, Blackburne.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..Q Kt × R	K Kt to B 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	19..Kt × Q Kt	Kt × K P
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	20..Q Kt × B	Kt × Kt P
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	21..K Kt-K 6 +	B P × Kt
5..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	22..Q-K Kt 6	K R-bis 7 (c)
6..Castles	P-K R 3	23..K R × P	Kt P × R
7..P-K Kt 5	P-K Kt 5	24..K × K B	Q-K R 5 +
8..K Kt-K sq	P-K B 6	25..K-Kt sq	Q-R 8 +
9..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-Q 2	26..K-bis B 2	Q-Kt 7 +
10..Q Kt-R 3	Q Kt-bis 3	27..K-bis 3	Kt-B

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

Take Notice.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Frank Rose, Chas. Seely, Clark Bros., J. Sturgiss, Add. Ryman, Mr. Richmond, Neil Rogers, (10 c), Mike Kanane, L. M. W. Steere, M. T. Sacia, Billy Fox, Geo. Edwards, J. J. H. Shorey, H. D. Wilson (2), J. M. Davenport, J. G. Saville, M. W. Hanley (2), Ned Reed, Beaumont Duhring, Chas. Tornese, Thad. P. Varney, "F. B.", John Mulligan, Tim Fith, Alex. Tinnock, John Sanders, J. P. Stoner, P. Hanley, John Carroll, F. B. Converse, Eugene Gorman, Horace Smith, Willie Gaylord, R. Meldrum, A. H. Hindley, A. R. De Costa, Chas. Gleason, C. M. C., G. E. P., Thos. Shannon, Alfred Hastings, J. Tannenbaum, A. W. Fenno, H. B. Gates, Jas. W. Thorpe, Frank Lawlor, (2), E. W. Perry, Will H. Otis, Mrs. M. Ainsley Scott, Annie Yeamans (10c), Emma Sherrett, Lettie Chandler, Blanche Moravia, Signora Lopez, Mary J. Sharp, Rosalie Somers, Lizzie Buchanan, Eva Brent,

Chas. Covelli (2), Frank J. Hawes, Frank Douglas, Stone, Rosston & Murray, High Day, Wm. H. Burdeau, W. B. Carroll, Saull's Olympic Theatre, Wm. Dutton, H. M. Williams, Jas. Carden, W. J. Fleming (2), Geo. W. Shields, Frank Pankhurst, Geo. Crane, Leon Whitteny, Geo. Cutter, Frank Whittaker, Billy Ward, Melville Andrews, Geo. A. Smith, Sam Rhinehart, Jas. Campbell, Johnny Birch, Wilson & Clark, Frank Knight (2), Jas. H. Cummings, Henri Stuart, W. W. Shore, Wm. Delehanty, Oberly & Morris, Fred. Wilson, M. H. Andrews, Frank Dayton, Chas. Sutton, Mr. Knowlton, John Denier, S. T. Goodrich, J. J. Showles, Yankee Robinson, Jesse Sands, Chas. Davis, John H. Wood, (2), Billy Watson, Chas. St. Clair, J. E. Kelley, Frankie McClellan, Howard & Gibbons, Sallie Clinetop, Albertina Miller, Julia Dean, Fannie Archer, Mrs. Stetson, Katie Swift, Josephine De Courtney, Miss Isadora Odiome,

Jake Wilson, Frank Swift, Lew Caven, W. J. Spears, "Stella," (2), Goldie Bros., Geo. P. Madden, Andrew Leavitt, Henry Hart, (2), G. W. Rockefeller, John W. Morton, J. W. Cox, Wm. H. Vincent, Lew Hallett, Dave Reed, Louis Sampson, Alex. Silverberg, Prof. Sylvester, Luke Levison, Major Lindley, (3), F. Sagrino, J. M. Howett, Levi J. North, (2), J. S. Berry, Eddie Sackett, Billy Wright, W. Boyd Skeggs, J. Ferris, John Moulder, Jerry Dashington, Chas. Clayton, Dr. Spaulding, M. B. Leavitt, Gus Shaw, E. Warden, J. H. Carter, G. V. Ryder, O. B. Fowler, Billy Norwood, John Van Dussen, Wm. Spary, (33cts), Sam Beckner, W. J. Cogswell, Jerry Hopper, F. Claude Havens, Oscar Horton, M. B. Leavitt, Lottie Lester, Maggie Willett, Emma Howell, Leo Hudson, (2), Cora de la Mond (2), Kate Fisher, Emilie L. Downie, Fanny Archer, Miss Eliza Creed, Louise Evans.

Notice.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

Monday, Nov. 25, '67.

Beloved Friends.—Whereas, in the course of human events it becomes necessary for us to greet you once a week with a strong declaration of our intentions, etc., now therefore, come we before you in the halcyon days of the melancholy month, to lay out for your delectation all the flowers of rhetoric, lilies of sentiment, and roses of fancy; to amuse you with the bright thoughts that emanate from our own and Our Jim's mellifluous and fertile brain; to inflict upon you touches of wit, tastes of sentiment, and gems of poesy. It is a fearful thing to be funny—look at the clowns and low comedians, for instance; where will you find a more woe-begone and mournful set of individuals? Fun is fun for you, as the frog said in the fable, but it's death to those who make it. It's easy enough to invent speeches such as those made by Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley and Lady Stanton, but to make sober people laugh is quite another affair. We remember once—before we took to it so kindly as we do now—that we went to a circus to see the funny clown; we had no thought of anything else in the show, and waited with painful delight for the appearance of the clown; us fellers greeted him with a regular old drawbridge when he showed his comical phiz at the entrance to the ring; we gave him another round as he took off his flexible and many cornered hat, and fairly rose at him when he said—"Ladies and gentlemen." Then he stopped, as we thought, for more applause; and we shook with laughter—and yet, you will observe, he had really done nothing to merit all this applause that fairly convulsed the canvas from pit to dome. Then he said—"I—appear before you —as—an apologist, (*cheers and laughter*), to say—to—you—that —(*screams from all parts of a well-filled canvas*) that—my wife, who has been—(*'Go on, go on,' cried us fellers, as the clown halted in his speech*)—my companion—my confidant—my all—for fifteen years—(*here the people became frantic with laughter at the funny remarks of the comic actor, who wiped away what was intended to represent a clown's tear, as we imagined*)—is dying!" (*You never heard such cheers and yells of merriment as greeted this sally of wit, as we thought*). Here the poor fellow completely broke down, and the manager, who came to his assistance, assured us fellers that what we had received as a well-told tale of a jester, to be laughed at for its funny seriousness, was in reality the truth, and that since the clown had been speaking the news had been brought to the circus of the death of the clown's wife. We never see a clown now that we don't feel sorry for him, for the event of that night, when the poor fellow "set the house in a roar" by telling of his dying wife, will ever recur to us with painful emotion......We don't know what to relate to you just now, for we are in the political field again, working like a badger for the election of the candidates for Mayor. What we prepare for your entertainment, therefore, is done on the spur of the moment, for we are a free spokesman, and never bridle our tongue, which has a tendency to make sad all our enemies when we stir up their peccadilloes, and let rain upon them our wrath without a bit of repugnance. ......Talking about harmony, and all that, have you noticed what a beautiful fight has been going on between Max Maretzek and his choristers? Max has got in a muss with the gentlemen who do the noisy chorusses, and shout in union when anybody is to be executed, or a banquet is on the carpet. The chorus-fellers had rather the best of it, and Max was obliged to shut up when the discordant elements broke loose, and return the opera-goers their money, which was very aggravating to the *impressario*. An odd people are these opera chorus chaps, full of crotchety ways and quavering actions—sometimes sharp and sometimes flat in the unpeaceful tenor of their playful lives; sometimes semi-brave when they get a manager in a tight place; at other times staving good fellows, but with very little grace in their composition. They are frequently the instruments for making harmony among men, but when they are touched on the tender chord of money, then discord reigns supreme, and lager bier suffers. We are sorry for Max. He is in a bad fix. He first went back to Bennett and the *Herald*, and *that* nearly collapsed him; then he reduced his prices "for the public good," and the good public "shook him" on the half-shell: then the choristers wanted full pay for rehearsals, and that also grieved him sorely. Hear us while we make rhymes about

MUSICAL PEOPLE.

Musicians are like lawyers—that
From truth's not very far—
Because they get their living by
Their "practice at the bar;"
And that they are like children, too,
Is simple truth to say—
Because from morn till dewy eve
They ne'er do aught but play.

They get well paid, what'er they do;
Be their labors short or long,
It's mostly of an easy kind,
For 'tis the merest song.
They're paid for all their work, yet still—
Though they on money dote—
They always pay it back again
By giving you their note.

And oddest of all oddities
Of this most funny race,
Their best of music often is
The very part that's base;
But stranger still than anything
We yet have put in rhyme,
Though they at times come very late,
Yet still they play in time.

And, funnier still, when they do play,
No matter when or where,
If in the foulest kind of place,
'Tis in a good sweet air.
Then may they long enjoy that same,
And health, too, of the best;
And when played out, oh! may they then
Enjoy a peaceful rest.

......*Postscript.*—The refractory choristers having seen the error of their ways, or the price asked for rehearsal, we don't know which, have knuckled under to the troubled Max, and the show will go on as usual......A queer life is that of the actor. It is a theme worn threadbare by writists of great and small renown. Charley Dickens, who will, the coming winter, essay the role of a showman himself in this "dollar worshipping country," as he once called it, has not thought it beneath his dignity to pen the life of Grimaldi, the clown, while the staid old London Spectator turns from its dry philosophy and studied literature to consider the social standing of Dave. Garrick. What then? We should be false to duty and the rights of man if we failed to give the greater and lesser lights a show. What has the renowned John Smith, the greatest living actor of the age done, that his services should not be chronicled, and his fame emblazoned upon the bright canopy of eternal truth? We care not for Dickens nor Beecher, nor for the glorious phalanx of martyrs now stumping the wards of this metropolis in the interests of the people's candidates for Mayor. Who is John Smith? Where did he come from? And who does he belong to? These are questions that we shall attempt to solve, with the assistance of the various libraries placed at our disposal, and for which we tender the thanks of an enlightened race of freemen:—

JOHN SMITH—HIS ORIGIN AND PERFORMANCES.

John Smith, like all great men, was born of poor but healthy parents, at a very early age, in Boston. Like the untutored son of the forest, he started out in a careless sort of manner, determined to seek his fortune in the wilds of New York. He walked from Boston to the metropolis in the unprecedented time of seven days, Sundays included. Being without money and without price, he solicited a few newspapers from opulent gentlemen who manufacture such things in the Great City. This was John's first effort in the literary line. Being of an ambitious turn, he soon amassed sufficient to secure a position on the stage, where he drove a lucrative trade and a spasmodic team during the day, and winding up by grubbing checks at night. This was his first essay in the dramatic line, which goes to show that small beginnings culminate in gigantic endings. But John yearned for higher things than the box of a stage coach; yea, he panted for the buskin and the toga. In his humble apartments over the stable, while his angulated team were crunching oats or reposing their weary bones on pallets of straw, John was not idle. No! Like Cæsar of old, he *veni, vidi, vici*, etc.; his opulent voice might oftimes have been heard amid the din of cattle, and the clangor of the braying mule, reciting *gems* from his favorite authors, Sylvanus Cobb, John F. Poole, Ward Beecher, etc. The genius displayed by this child of misfortune, the sweetly modulated tones of his voice, the vim of his declamations, could not be hidden from the world in those rude and unsophisticated stable. A manager, on the lookout for some fresh sensation, was passing the humble abode of John as he was spouting that beautiful and scholastic poem, "My name is Norval!" So struck was our managerial friend with the masterly genius of the retiring representative of Norval, that he burst into the presence of young Smith, whom he discovered in his *robe de nuit*, with his frugal breakfast of pork and beans in one hand and a volume of Young's Night Thoughts in the other. Clasping the war-worn veteran to his breast, the worthy manager disclosed his status to the astounded son of Thespis, and then and there offered him a position of general supernumerary in his establishment. Here, then, was the long-sought opportunity; the *magnum bonum* of his desires, the *ne plus ultra* of his hopes! With tears of gratitude he crooked the rusty hinges of the knee, and poured forth a volume of thanks. This was, *ipse facto*, the grand starting point in John Smith's career. He threw away the brush and currycomb, bade adieu to his stable companions, and in a week was safely invested with the insignia of office appertaining to a super. Fifteen years have elapsed since that bright and glowing morning when the genius of a Smith was accidentally discovered by that great and good manager; fifteen years, during which nations have risen and fallen, and many of the brilliant luminaries of this terrestrial globe have passed to their final account,

"With all their imperfections on their heads."

But John Smith still lives, and may still be seen in his accustomed place at the Excelsior Theatre, carrying off chairs and tables, and "making the welkin ring" for fifty cents a night.

End of John Smith.

......Wonder if it is true that brother Beecher means to turn his attention to the drama altogether, instead of saving perishing souls, as was his wont. Wonder if Lester Wallack and Billy Florence have more love for each other than the law allows. Wonder if Billy has got another Caste in his eye. Wonder if Barnum's Gorilla isn't our old friend the Fat Woman dished up in another form. Wonder if Tostee can get her life insured. Wonder if Papa Bateman hasn't something in his repertoire beside the "Duchess of Gerolstein." Wonder if —— Guess we'll put the other wonderful things in verse, as a matter of

WONDERMENT.

We wonder to see young men poor—
For, if they'd only wait,
Some property at last they'd have,
And that is *Man's Estate!*

We wonder when we read of fights,
'Tween sailors and their foes,
That they who could control the breeze
Cannot control their *blows!*

We wonder stingy uncles are
Maligned, because we thought
Their *kindness* great, although it was
An *un-remitting sort!*

We wonder darkies are oft termed
"As black as pit of Hades:"
Because we know some fair white girls
Who're also *colored ladies!*

We wonder that a man named Pott,
Who's jealous of his fame,
Adds "Mister" always—p'rhaps he wants
A handle to his name!

We wonder blacksmiths as good men
Are praised by poets gaily;
In fact, we doubt it, and because
We find them *forging* daily!

We wonder much to see rich men
Give constant evidence
That though of dollars they're possessed
They oft want *common cents!*

We wonder Cupid oft to wealth
Makes overtures absurd;
In such a case *cupidity*
Would be the proper word.

We wonder criminals, condemned,
From drinking cannot stop,
But e'en upon the scaffold gaunt
Must take their *final drop!*

Ristori yet lingers like the last run of shad. She gave three performances at the French Theatre during the past week, and was to have sailed for Havana on the 21st, but owing to reports of unwholesome sickness in that gay and gorgeous city, the Madame deferred her departure until the 28th. Some of our correspondents want to know how that case against her model husband turned out. We cannot say, but the worthy Count has not shown himself much in public since that affair. He must be keeping clothes quarters.

Wallack's Theatre has been doing old comedies, well cast and well performed, and the attendance has not been bad, considering that there was no opera at the Academy during the week. But what are these old comedies, and these great casts when compared to the youthful Lotta, who, in the worst season of the year, crowded this house as it has not been crowded since? Would it not be policy to secure this little lady again?

Sam Long has been engaged for a short season at the Theatre Comique. Sam is a singer of the comic school. Miss Maggie Dunnie, another vocalist, is also added to the forces this week. There will be performances at this house on Thanksgiving Day and evening.

Fanny Janauschek has not made out very well at the Academy. She would have done much better at the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery.

Bunyan Hall, where they are doing the "Pilgrim's Progress," is not so called in a chiropodistical sense. Neither has it so far proved a corn-ucopea to the proprietors of the show.

The Theatre Comique enjoyed a fair share of public patronage last week. Prof. Tanner's troupe of performing dogs and monkeys, lately purchased by Tony Pastor, were the attractive cards, and continue there the present week. They are among the best trained dogs and monkeys we have ever seen. Many of the feats performed by the dogs are not only difficult, but are executed so cleverly and with so much promptness, that all who witness them are surprised and delighted. Billy Pastor performs them, and they go through their business without that whipping before the audience which is frequently the case with other troupes of dogs. The monkeys have also been well trained, and they go through their performances without a halt. This is the style of entertainment that pleases all classes of the community, for we have seen ladies and gentlemen, as well as the younger branches of the family, heartily enjoy their antics. The Delevanti Brothers put in an appearance last week. As gymnasts they will compare favorably with any in the business.

Leon sang at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall last week a song called "The Funny Girl," written by Howard Paul. Being one of those songs especially adapted to the style of this performer, he sang and danced it in a manner that convulsed his audience with laughter, and was *encored* each evening. He also appeared with Mr. Kelly in a laughable sketch called "Domestic Bliss." These performers have made this style of business a specialty, and they are very good in short operettas. The burlesque opera of "Faust" has been so well received the past two weeks as to warrant the management in continuing it on the programme for the present. Messrs. Delehanty and Ward, clog dancers, closed their engagement at this house on the 16th inst.

The Ticket Speculators.—Charles W. Edgar, a ticket speculator, who takes his stand in front of the French Theatre every evening, was arrested on the evening of the 21st inst. for obstructing the way. When the case was heard at the Tombs, on the 22d inst., the officer stated that Edgar assaulted him, but that Adolph Butfield, the acting manager, interfered, and the prisoner was rescued. Procuring assistance, both offenders were arrested. Mr. Butfield stated that Edgar was placed there by the manager to sell tickets at an advance of twenty-five cents more than they could be had at the box office. The judge discharged both prisoners. This reveals the fact that some treasurers and managers *are* interested with the ticket speculators, which is a fraud upon the public that ought to be stopped.

Theatrical Appointments, including laces, fringes, masks, cloths, swords and other paraphernalia, may be procured of Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley, Graham & Co., of this city, as announced in an advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the Clipper.

A New Local Drama, written by Thaddeus B. Glover for R. Johnston, is soon to be performed at the Old Bowery Theatre, where Johnston is soon to commence an engagement.

Signor Vallo, well known in dramatic circles in Philadelphia, contemplates making his *debut* in this city at no remote date, in the character of Macbeth.

Managers wishing to engage a cantatrice and *danseuse* can do so by addressing "Vocalist," No. 1 East Houston street, as per advertisement.

Magical Apparatus of all kinds may be procured of the Lubin Brothers. Their address will be found in our advertising columns.

The Eighth Avenue Opera House closed on the 16th inst.

We have rung the changes so often on the "Black Crook" that we can only say that Niblo's is nightly visited by throngs of admirers of the beauties of art and nature. They *do* say that we are to have something fresh for the holidays. It *may* be true, but it is not likely that the "Black Crook" will be withdrawn until it has ceased to attract.

Julian C. Howard, an actor well known in the West, but who has been spending the past year in India, arrived in this city on the 19th inst. During his absence abroad he has played in all the principal sea port towns of India, Africa and Asia. His performance of Hawkshaw, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," is said to have been liked. He expects to return to that country in a few weeks.

A more successful circus company than the one at present in this city was never seen in New York. As great as was the business the past two seasons it has been greater so far this season, which commenced a few weeks ago. Notwithstanding the twenty-five cent place has been done away with, and the prices of admission double, the house has been crowded to repletion every night since the commencement of the present season, and at times not even standing room is to be had. This is not at all surprising, for a more thoroughly organized troupe it would be difficult to find. Joseph Pfau is one of the most astonishing performers we have ever had in this country, and is really worth seeing by all who admire grace and daring. The Denzer Brothers, four in number, are very fine acrobats, and execute several difficult as well as pleasing feats. John Herry is admitted to be one of the best pad riders of his style we have seen in this country for some time. He rides with so much apparent ease that it is a pleasure to see him. M'lle Henrietta is a pleasing *equestrienne*. In fact, taken as a whole the New York Circus is one of the most pleasing places of amusement in this city.

The Webb Sisters sailed for California by the steamship Rising Star on the 21st inst., accompanied by Sherry Corbyn as business manager. These ladies go to the gold regions for the second time, and are at present secured by Mr. John Wilson for one hundred nights. They will play at the Opera House or Metropolitan Theatre. At the conclusion of the one hundred nights they return to this city, and after a brief rest sail for England, and will appear in London in a piece written expressly for them by Boucicault.

J. H. Warwick, who recently arrived here from California, wishes us to state that he is not the party of that name advertising for position as agent, in last week's Clipper.

We learn that Mr. Burnell Runnells and his talented boys have been re-engaged by Mr. Lent, of the New York Circus, and that they will remain at the Fourteenth street establishment through the season. The Runnells Family were in this company so short a time last season that their performances are quite new to the great majority of the frequenters of the circus, and they are invariably received with every evidence of warm approbation. In what is termed the classic school of gymnastics these artists are said to have no superiors; their feats are not only difficult, but executed with a degree of grace and elegance which is most pleasing and satisfactory. Mr. Runnells is also a most accomplished equestrian, and the act in which he carries his youngest son is a beautiful exhibition of taste and skill. He is also an admirable scene rider, and has a high reputation as a two and four horse rider.

Mr. Edwin Booth's Theatre is to be a most substantial and, in design, a most elaborate structure. It is situate on the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. The dimensions on Twenty third street will be 184 ft., and on the Sixth avenue 79 ft. It is to be in the *Renaissance* style of architecture. The height from the side walk will be 70 ft. to the base of the main cornice, and over all these will be a rich and elegant Mansard roof of 24 ft. in altitude. That part of the building occupied as the theatre proper will range 149 ft. along Twenty-third street, and it will be divided into three parts, so combined as to form a complete whole, with arched entrances at either extremity; on the one side for the admission of the public, and on the other for the admission of the actors, actresses, and others employed in the establishment. Directly in the centre of this frontage will be three other doors, devised for the purpose of securing the most rapid ingress, or an expeditious exit to a crowded auditory in the event of a fire occurring during the performance, or for other extreme emergency. On the occurrence of such alarm these doors are to be thrown open, and by their aid and the facilities provided for the rest of the throng, the entire building could be vacated in three minutes. Between these entrance doors and on either side will be spacious, lofty windows, while above them, and forming part of the second story, will be constructed roomy niches, surrounded by coupled columns, resting on chastely sculptured pedestals. Between these columns, at the depths of the recess, will be neat pilasters sustaining the elliptic arches, that will serve to crown and span the niches, the latter to be occupied by statues of the greatest dramatic authors and interpreters of every age and country. The main niche in the centre will be flanked on either side by curiously contrived windows. This entire *facade*, as well as that on Sixth avenue, will be built of the finest Concord granite, from the best quarries in New Hampshire. The frontage on Sixth avenue, and a space of 35 feet, extending from the corner along Twenty-third street, will be taken up with handsome store *facades*, and the entrance leading to the amphitheatre stairways. Above the lower frontage there will rise four stories, divided into saloons and other apartments for art students; the first laid out in commodious and airy studios; the second, which will be adapted for residences, and the remaining two repeating the same alternative, *i.e.*: studios on the third, and residences on the fourth range. In the basement beneath the stores, opening on the sidewalks, will be a comfortable and well arranged restaurant, from which, by an original device, dumb-waiters will ascend to the upper-portions of the building, so that all parties may be furnished with their "creature comforts" in absolute and uninterrupted privacy. The appliances and facilities thus furnished to students and others, whom Mr. Booth's management will doubtless gather into the edifice, must form in themselves a pleasing feature. The interior will be subdivided, architecturally speaking, into four heights, the first and the lowermost embracing the *parquet*, circle and orchestra seats, capable of accommodating 800 persons. The second tier will be thrown into the dress circle; the third will be the family circle, and the fourth will constitute the gallery or amphitheatre. The stage of this theatre will be 55 feet in width, and 75 feet in depth, by 50 feet in height, which is an original conception of Mr. Edwin Booth, and which will set in a chastely ornamental framework, so as to give the effect of a gorgeous picture frame to the *mise en scene*. On either side of the stage the boxes are to be tastefully arranged in a novel style of substantial comfort and most elegant adornment, and behind them, towards 23d street, Mr. Booth's dressing and reception rooms will occupy an ample space. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the building, and in a line with the stage, will be the scene rooms, and above them the large painting hall. Parallel with this hall will range the green room, general dressing rooms and manager's offices, &c. This part of the building will be five stories high, and so distributed as to contain the apartments necessary for the actors, *coryphees de ballet* and the *corps* of the assistants of all grades and classification connected with the theatre. All of these interior subdivisions will unite in their construction the latest and most approved appliances for celerity and ease in the manifold operations of the entire company. Mr. James Renwick, of the Tontine Buildings, is the architect in chief. The whole view of this beautiful theatre, as observed from a point embracing the 23d street and Sixth Avenue *facades* together, will be grand and superb. The glittering granite most exquisitely poised, adorned with rich and appropriate carvings, statuaries, columns, pilasters and arches, yet not overladen by ornamentation, and capped by the springing and chaste Mansard roof, fringed with its shapely balustrades, will offer an imposing and majestic site.

"Medea, or, the Best of Mothers with a Brute of a Husband," is the title of the latest burlesque produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on the 18th inst. It was written by Brough, and is one of the best we have seen lately. Mrs. Charles Howard Watkins, who was engaged expressly for the *role* of Jason, appeared on its first production, but was laboring under such a hoarseness that it was really painful to hear the lady sing or speak at all, for it was evident that she was not only struggling all she could to overcome it, but was suffering great pain. We understand that the night previous she was confined to her room with the croup, and was so stopped up that fears were entertained of her strangling. Sooner than disappoint the public she left her sick room for the stage, which she ought not to have done, as her appearance that night will no doubt injure her, not professionally but physically. As Mrs. Charles Howard, this lady has a host of friends in this city, who remember her in times long past as a most agreeable actress and very clever vocalist. Notwithstanding her hoarseness, she got through with the *role* in "Medea" in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Leffingwell's make-up for Medea was an exact copy of Ristori's for the same character. The performance of the heart-broken woman is another one of this gentleman's great triumphs. Sol Smith, Jr., and Mrs. Leffingwell, and Millie Sackett had pretty good characters, which they performed with their accustomed ability. The burlesque was well put upon the stage, and carefully acted throughout. The *tableau* representing the "Gems of the Americen Stage" was one of the finest things of its kind we ever saw, and elicited a hearty *encore*, so that the curtain had to be raised on it. It consists of full length figures of Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merriles, Edwin Forrest as Spartacus, Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Maggie Mitchell as Fanchon, Lotta in the Widow McGowan's Reel, John Owens as Solon Shingle, and Joe Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, painted on the back scene, and which were very artistically executed. In the foreground was a statue of Saturn, which transformed into a full-length figure of Leffingwell as Romeo-Jaffier-Jenkins. Mr. Edmund Falconer is writing a burlesque for this theatre called "Ye Grand Queen Bess." It is a burlesque on Ristori's "Elizabeth," and will contain nearly all the music of "The Duchess of Gerolstein." It is to be produced on Dec. 2d.

Hartz, the wizard, continues to hold out at Dodworth Hall, where he succeeds in pleasing those who assemble there with his sleight of hand, funnyisms, and mysterious illusions, among them the real Indian basket feat. For prices of admission, etc., see advertisement.

"Norwood" continues on the bills of the New York Theatre, notwithstanding it failed to attract but moderate houses the past week. Several changes have taken place in the cast as well as in the business of the piece since our last. The Fort Sumter scene has been wisely cut out, and the nailing the flag to the staff after its having been shot away, is now done in the third act and on the battle field. In this act Jenny Worrell formerly executed a clog dance, which has also been done away with, and instead she sings a cleverly written song, which last week took equally as well as the dance. During a portion of the first week of this piece Jenny Worrell was sick, and her part was played by Miss Villa. On the evening of the 21st Irene Worrell did not play, and her part was taken by Celia Logan, who did justice to the *role*. The part of the nurse, formerly played by Miss Logan, was enacted by Miss Villa. Mr. Villa plays Heywood, the Southerner, previously played by Stage Manager Baker. On the evening of the 18th a new drop curtain was unrolled to the audience for the first time. It represents a view of the stair case in Central Park leading to the lake. It was painted by Minard Lewis, and is one of the handsomest act drops in the city.

Wm. Carleton, the Irish vocalist, after an absence of several months in the West and South, reappeared at Tony Pastor's Opera House on the 18th inst., in his Irish specialities, gems of Irish wit, song and story. He was welcomed by a crowded audience. It was at this establishment that Mr. Carleton made his first appearance in this country. At present Mr. Carleton's voice appears to be considerably weaker than when he first appeared here, but his present *repertoire* is full of new and original songs, which, together with his style of executing them, as well as his dancing, make him an attractive and pleasing Irish vocalist. Mr. Carleton continues this week. A pantomime for the holidays is in active preparation at this establishment.

Pike's Opera House, located on the northwest corner of 8th Avenue and 23d street, will be opened on Dec. 23d by the La Grange and Brignoli Opera Troupe with Italian opera.

Reuben Lowell, the present lessee of the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre, and formerly proprietor of the Westchester House, in the Bowery, sailed for Havana on the 21st inst., for the benefit of his health.

Mr. G. Quick, a gentleman well known in the circus profession, is at present at the Metropolitan Hotel, suffering from a late attack of the paralysis received during his sojourn in Paris with the American Circus. The stroke he received was a very severe one. He immediately returned to this country, and for the past few days fears have been entertained of another attack, which his doctors think will prove fatal. He is taken out every day riding and walking by Avery Smith, who is constantly watching over him.

Charles Vivian, a comic singer from the principal music halls of London, England, made his American *debut* at Butler's American Theatre on the 18th inst. He possesses one very necessary attribute of a comic singer—that is, he speaks with singular distinctness, and makes himself heard in the most remote part of the hall. He is practical, and, knowing precisely what his audience require, he gives it to them to their heart's content. He not only knows how to sing a song, but seems determined to rely upon songs, the words of which shall convey some kind of sense, and the music shall possess some distinctive character. He sang an original comic song called "Who Stole the Donkey?" which was received with thunders of applause, and he was *encored* four times. Later in the evening he sang "Jimmy Riddle, what plays upon the Fiddle." This is a very laughable song, and pleased the audience so much that he was called out and had to sing four other songs, all of which took well. He has made a very favorable impression, and will become a favorite at this establishment. On the evening of the 22d he was suffering from a hoarseness, but got through with his business very well under the circumstances. The "Shadow Pantomime," which concludes the evening's performance, is well done, and is one of the most pleasing acts that can be put on the stage.

The Fountain introduced in the "Devil's Auction," at Banvard's Museum last week, failed to work on the 18th as announced, but on the following evening it worked all right. It is really a magnificent sight when the water changes to orange, green and purple colors, with the glare of the gas shining upon it. This is not the first time the colored fountain has been seen in this city, as it was introduced by manager George Wood in De Walden's "Balloon Wedding," produced at what is now known as the Theatre Comique. Several changes took place in the spectacle last week. The two ballet girls who appeared in the third act with horses heads and tails on their persons have been left out. A new ballet, entitled "La Fountain d'Amour," has been introduced instead of the scene of "Bacchus." It is during the action of this ballet that the fountain is introduced.

Frank Rivers & Co., the great dramatic agents of this city, have a number of cards in this issue, to which we direct the attention of the profession.

Peterson & Co., dramatic agents of this city, have advertisements in another column of importance to the profession generally.

Dramatic.

Oh! for Richmond.—Managers of dramatic, opera, circus and other first-class companies, can secure the Richmond Theatre by addressing B. D. Ogden, as per advertisement.

A Juvenile Man and an old woman are wanted for the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., as will be seen by advertisement in another column.

The Worcester, Mass., Theatre is about to be turned into something else, and the scenery, etc., is offered for sale in another column by R. C. Taylor and John B. Tarbell.

"Arrah Na Pogue" was produced at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on Oct. 21, and continued during the week. Dan Bryant played Shaun, and Sophie Edwin, Arrah. On Oct. 29 "Caste" was presented for the first time in that city, with Dan Bryant as Eccles, and Sallie Hinckley as Mother Eccles.

Mrs. F. M. Bates was announced for a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on Oct. 30. "Ambition, or the Throne, the Scaffold, and the Tomb," was to be performed, with Mrs. Bates as Catherine. On Oct. 28 Mrs. Bates appeared as Leah in the play of that name.

Helen Tracy made her *debut* on the stage on Oct. 25, as Virginia in "Virginius," at Sacramento, Cal. Speaking of her *debut*, the Union of that city says: "Of course the *debutante* was the object of most attraction and sympathy among those who were posted as to her intention to appear. She is young, graceful, and beautiful. Her action is fully up to general expectation, and gives promise, it not spoiled by neglect or bad instruction, of great excellence. As to her reading, it is fair, though she can wonderfully improve it by practising until her voice enlarges in compass, and by the observance of greater care in enunciating distinctly, and not quite so rapidly. She showed a fine conception of her part—Virginia—we mean of the spirit and poetry of it, and with good instruction, and a rigid criticism of her own judgment, we think she has the qualities that will give her, after a while, a proud position in the profession she has adopted. Her audience last night was discriminating, and it regarded her first effort with favor."

Receipts of the Boston Theatres for October.—The returns made to the Revenue Assessors of Boston by the different mangers are as follows:—Boston Theatre, $19,997; Boston Museum, $16,119; Howard Athenæum, $15,605; Continental Theatre, $13,089; Theatre Comique, $12,465; Opera House, $9,300; Music Hall, 428. Total, $87,003.

Manager Templeton closed the Savannah (Ga.) Theatre on the 16th inst., and took the company to Charleston, S. C., for three weeks. Before closing in Savannah Mr. Templeton was the recipient of a benefit on the 16th. A correspondent says:—"A drama entitled 'The Angels; or, Mortals of Sacrifice,' written by himself, followed by the burlesque of 'Pocahontas,' were produced. Mr. Templeton essayed the leading *role* in the first piece, and Alice Vance volunteered. The company return to Savannah about the 16th of December."

The "Black Crook" in Court.—On the 16th inst. an injunction was issued in Memphis, Tenn., enjoining George Deagle from performing the spectacle of "A Tale of Enchantment" at the Greenlaw Opera House. The injunction was granted at the instance of J. H. McVicker, who appeared as "attorney in fact" of John E. McDonough, who purchased the right to produce the spectacle entitled the "Black Crook" from the author, C. M. Barras, in Memphis and several other prominent cities of the country. The injunction was granted on the grounds that the "Tale of Enchantment," as produced by Mr. Deagle, was "a colorable imitation of the 'Black Crook,'" and hence there was an alleged infringement of the rights of Mr. McDonough in the premises. The case was to have been heard in the courts on the 18th inst.

Manager Derwort opened at the Opera House, Columbus, O., on the 11th inst., with A. R. Phelps as the star. "Damon and Pythias," "Richelieu," "Othello," "The Stranger," and "Charles the XII" were produced through the week to poor houses. On the 16th Mr. Derwort was to have taken a benefit, tendered him by the citizens, but, says a correspondent, "owing to the state of his exchequer, wardrobe could not be had for the piece, consequently the money was refunded to the audience, and the house closed."

"Under the Gaslight" in Court.—The injunction restraining John T. Ford from producing this piece at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 18th inst., asked for by Messrs. Barton and McKnight, who have been traveling with the piece, was on the 18th inst., refused by Judge Giles, of the United States District Court in Baltimore. Mr. Ford produced letters and telegrams from the author naming the terms, and his own reply accepting. Judge Giles, after hearing the counsel for the applicants, dismissed the case, refusing the injunction, and the play of "Under the Gaslight" was produced at the Holiday Street Theatre according to previous notice.

The Death of W. H. Riley—noticed in our last as having occurred in New Orleans on the 17th, took place on the 16th, very suddenly and unexpectedly. Though feeling slightly indisposed on the evening of the 13th, he played Armand to Miss Rush's Camille. On Thursday night, though feeling worse, he appeared in the comedy of "Naval Engagements." Returning home after the close of the play, he was taken quite ill with congestive chills. On the 16th inst, feeling somewhat better, he sat up in bed to drink a cup of tea; suddenly he was seized with a chill, which terminated fatally in a few moments. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, who interred his body in the Girod street cemetery on the 17th with customary honors. Mr. Riley's family were with him at the time of his death, which occurred at his residence in Girod street. As a mark of respect, the St. Charles Theatre was closed on the 16th and 17th inst.

The Returns of the different places of amusement in San Francisco, Cal., for the month of September, were as follows: Maguire's Opera House, $19,675; Metropolitan, $12,227; Bella Union, $3,469; Olympic, $4,823: Chinese Theatre, $5,362; total, $45,559.

Took their Departure.—Signorina Elvira Brambilla and Sig. Gieuseppe Mancusi sailed from San Francisco, Cal., on Oct. 30th, for this city.

Nellie Morgan, *nee* McCloud, died in Oakland, Cal., on Oct. 24th. Her remains were taken to San Francisco for interment.

John Brougham is the current star at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. He was announced to open on the 25th in his original character of Teddy, the Swell, in his own local drama of "The Lottery of Life," originally produced at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, a few months ago.

Married.—At Quincy, Ills., on Oct. 7th, by the Rev. A. C. Parsons, T. Harry Glenn, of St. Louis, to Miss Kate Bowen, of New York.

The McCullough, Jackson, Poole Dramatic Combination, was, at last accounts, playing to good business in Sacramento, Cal.

Amy Stone appeared at the Salt Lake Theatre, Oct. 15th, in "Caste."

Jenny Arnot, formerly of the Marsh Troupe, was the recipient of a benefit on Oct. 16th, under the patronage of Gov. Seymour, at the Theatre Royal, Victoria, Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Mary Gladstane was the recipient of a benefit on the 15th inst., at the Savannah, Geo., theatre. "East Lynne" was performed. She commenced a two weeks' engagement at Mobile, Ala., on the 18th inst., and opens in Vicksburg, Dec. 9th, for six nights.

Curran and Wright's "Black Crook" party, opened in Ogdensburgh, N. Y., on the 14th inst., for one week, and went thence to Utica, on the 21st, for a short season.

Rouse's Dramatic Company were in Youngstown, N. Y., the past week.

Mill's Dramatic Forces performed in Manitowoc, Wis., the week ending Nov. 16th. "Ingomar," "Lady of Lyons," "East Lynne," "Octoroon" and "Hidden Hand," were performed.

Forrester's Dramatic Company continues at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

F. A. Tannehill was announced to take a benefit at the Leavenworth (Kansas) Theatre on the 21st inst.

J. G. Saville's Dramatic Company opened in Muskegon, Mich., on the 11th inst.

Blanche De Bar, with a dramatic company, opened in Muskegon, Mich., on the 11th inst., and closed on the 15th.

Bidwell and Lock's Dramatic Forces commenced a brief stay in Lowell, Mass., on the 16th inst., opening in Fulton and Maeder's "Nobody's Daughter," Dolly Bidwell sustaining the triple *role*, and R. S. Meldrum that of Harker and Larkspur. The company appear in Lawrence, Mass., this week.

A Competent Scenic Artist is wanted, as will be seen by Frank E. Aiken's advertisement elsewhere.

"Under the Gaslight" was played in Lowell, Mass., on the 22d inst. by the Boston Theatre Company.

M'lle Augusta, the well-known *danseuse*, was to have commenced an engagement at the Olympic. St. Louis, on the 25th inst.

Templeton's Company from Savannah, Geo., opened in Charleston, S. C., on the 18th inst., in "Little Barefoot," with Alice Vane as Anny, Harry Clifford as Jemmy and Mr. Templeton as Wm. Peace. The burlesque of "Pocahontas" was also produced, with Colin Stuart, Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins in the principal *roles*.

The Richings English Opera Troupe open in Boston on Dec. 2d in "Martha." On the 28th inst., Miss Laura Waldron makes her *debut* in English Opera in the *role* of Arline in "The Bohemian Girl" at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

Marshall and Doyle's "Japs" opened at the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, on the 12th inst., and played during the week.

The Metropolitan Dramatic Troupe, with Ida Vincent as one of its principal attractions, appeared at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 22d and 23d inst., and were to go thence to North Adams on the 26th for two nights.

Miss Jennie May, whose specialty is leading juvenile business, is on the look out for engagements. For how to address the lady see advertisement.

Dramatic Instruction for those desiring to become pupils is offered by a "First Class Actor" in our advertising columns.

Actors are wanted by McKean Buchanan. See advertisement.

Aggie Wood is about to make a starring tour, and is now making engagements for six or twelve nights with first class managers, through her agent, Harry Haviland, as will be seen by advertisement.

Charlotte Thompson was at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., last week. On the 23d Kate Fletcher took a benefit, on which occasion an amateur of that city appeared.

In St. Louis, Mo., the theatres are said to have been well attended during the past week. At Ben De Bar's, Edwin Booth is said to have created a great sensation and attracted overflowing houses nightly. On Nov. 18th "Hamlet" was repeated for the third time. Tuesday, "Romeo and Juliet;" Wednesday, "Richard III;" Thursday, "Hamlet;" and on the 22d, for his farewell benefit, "Othello." For his last appearance, on the 23d, the "Merchant of Venice" was announced. A correspondent says:—"The extra charge of one dollar had no effect in lessening the interest felt to witness Booth's impersonations, and he would certainly play to the same business for some time. On Nov. 25th Charlotte Thompson will appear......At the Varieties Theatre, Kate Reignolds has been playing. On Nov. 18th and 19th she appeared as 'Richelieu at Sixteen.' She was ably supported by J. E. Burnett as the Baron, J. W. Blaisdell as Sir James Countwell, Anna Hathaway as the Marchioness, Sallie Mason as the Baroness, Miss A. Meeker as Lady Bell, and Miss Percy as Lady Grace. On the 20th and 21st Fulton & Maeder's 'Nobody's Daughter' was revived, and played to good houses. On this, Friday evening (22d) for her benefit and last appearance, will be presented 'Griffith Gaunt,' Miss Reignolds appearing as Kate Peyton, Georgie Reignolds as Mercy Vint and D. H. Harkins as Griffith Gaunt. Next (this) week Joe Jefferson appears in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

The "Ticket of Leave Man," is the current attraction at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, with E. Eddy as Bob Brierly.

A. O. Miller's Dramatic Company was at Tecumseh, Mich., on the 21st, and intend remaining there the present week. Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Miller, Mrs. Creed, Lena Francis, G. B. Brown, C. H. Devlin, J. G. Stuttz, C. M. Weaver, M. P. Hunter, and Pete Morris, are in the party.

"Under the Gaslight," which was produced at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 18th inst., attracted crowded houses all the week. The same piece was also produced at Maryland Institute on the 23d by a dramatic company under the management of Barton and McKnight, with James Dunn as acting stage manager. Both places announce it for repetition the current week.

The New Orleans Theatres have all opened, and at last advices were doing a good business. Our correspondent "Frank," writing on Nov. 17th, says:—"At the St. Charles Theatre, the dramatic company opened on the 11th inst., with Cecile Rush as the star, who opened in 'Ida Lee.' The performance passed off in a very creditable manner. The house was crowded. On the 12th, 'Ida Lee' was repeated to a good house; 13th, 'Camille;' 14th, 'Bianca;' 15th, 'Love;' 16th, 'Ingomar' was to have been played, but the theatre was closed in consequence of the death of Mr. W. H. Riley......At the Varieties Theatre, the 'Lady of Lyons' was played on the opening night, the 11th, to a splendid house. On the 12th, the 'Wife' was performed to a good house; 13th, 'Rent Day;' 14th, 'Serious Family;' 15th, 'Money;' 16th, 'Ingomar,' to an excellent house. To-night (17th), 'Rent Day' is to be performed, and on the 18th Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal will make their first appearance in New Orleans......At the National Theatre, German opera seems to take quite a hold. On the 12th, 'Czaar und Zimmerman' was produced to a good house; on the 13th, 'Der Kapelmeister Venedez;' 14th, 'Der Freischutz' was produced, and repeated the three following evenings. On the 18th will be played a comedy in two acts, called 'Sand in Die Augen.' Business has been very good at this house the past week......At the Academy of Music business has been excellent the past week. The 'Stranger' was performed on the 11th. Add. Ryman appeared in a stump speech. A farce was also given. On the 12th, the same bill was repeated. On the 13th, 'The Free Loves' and 'Barney the Baron.' The first appearance of M'lle Leah, *danseuse*, took place on the 14th. 'Irish Assurance' and a variety entertainment were given on the 15th, with the first appearance of the Zavistowski family. On the 21st inst., a spectacular drama will be produced, introducing the European ballet troupe, who will make their first appearance in America. ......At the Olympic Theatre good houses have reigned the past week. On the 17th, the Beckett Sisters took a benefit. Tillie Beckett appeared as Melanie, in 'A Relict of Napoleon,' and Jennie Beckett in some of her best ballads. A good house was in attendance......The Oxford has gone up in a balloon, the Sheriff having taken possession on the 15th inst."

Maggie Mitchell succeeded Lady Don at the National, Washington, opening on the 18th, and presenting "Fanchon," with the following distribution of characters:—Fanchon, Miss Maggie Mitchell; Father Barbeaud, Mr. C. L. Allen; Landry, Mr. J. W. Collier; Didier, Mr. E. Lamb; Old Fadet, Mrs. Grattan; Madelon, Miss Viola Plunkett; Mother Barbeaud, Mrs. C. L. Allen. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"There was a very large audience in attendance on the opening night, duplicated each evening since, and although we manage to have Miss Mitchell here each season, her advent is always hailed with delight, and she is always cordially received. At the conclusion of the first act, Miss Maggie and Mr. Collier appeared before the curtain, and were fairly showered with boquets; a very pretty basket of flowers being at the time presented. Miss Mitchell and Mr. Collier were, as usual, exceedingly fine in their respective parts. Messrs. Allen and Lamb, and Mrs. Grattan, were alike so uncommonly good that I will not fail to record their names. 'Fanchon' was repeated on the 19th and 20th. The 'Pearl of Savoy,' with Miss Mitchell as Marie; Mr. Collier as Arthur; Mr. W. E. Sheridan as Launcelot; Mr. C. L. Allen as Commander; Mr. E. Lamb as Pierrot; Mr. Humphrey Bland as Father Leserges; Mrs. H. P. Grattan as Margaret; Viola Barrett as Chonchon, and Mrs. C. L. Allen as the Marchioness, was presented on the evening of the 21st, to a thronging audience. 'Little Barefoot' is in rehearsal, and also a dramatization of Henry Ward Beecher's novel, 'Norwood......The eighteenth consecutive performance of 'Under the Gaslight' was given at Wall's Opera House on the 16th inst. The piece has had a success almost unprecedented in the case of any drama upon the stage in this city, and the theatre was thronged on its closing representation, as it was throughout its three weeks' run. On the evening of the 18th inst., an amateur company occupied the theatre, giving a performance of 'Marguerite' and 'Perfection.' On the 19th, John B. Gough lectured on 'London,' and the following evening on 'Curiosity.' The theatre will now remain closed until the 25th, when Mrs. F. W. Lander will appear in her great *role* of Elizabeth, supported by Mr. J. H. Taylor, and the excellent company which Manager T. B. Pugh has engaged. Mrs. Lander will give but six performances, appearing only as 'Elizabeth' and 'Marie Stuart.'"

Miss Fanny B. Price was to have commenced an engagement of two weeks at Memphis on the 25th inst.

Fanny B. Price terminated the second and last week of her engagement in Rochester N. Y., at the Opera House, on the 22d inst. "Under the Gaslight," which was produced on the 18th, kept the bills during the week, and attracted good houses. Our correspondent says:—"Miss Price as Laura Cortlandt, played the part with a great deal of truthfulness. This young lady has gained many friends during her engagement in this city. On Friday evening, Nov. 22, for her benefit, Oscar D. Kress, the piccolo soloist, volunteered his services. On Dec. 2d, Manager Myers, together with J. H. and H. L. Meech, of Buffalo, produce the 'Black Crook,' renewed and reconstructed. The principal danseuse engaged is Mlle. Pepita."

H. Lindley and Florence Webster, whose specialties are respectively comedian and burlesque actor and leading lady and singing chambermaids, with a repertoire of novelties, advertise for an engagement in another column.

Edwin Adams' second week at the Academy, Albany, has been a success with "Dead Heart," "Men of the Day" (extremes), "Wild Oats," and for his benefit, "Dramatist" and "Black Eyed Susan." "Wild Oats" created a sensation, having been brought out during the engagement four nights to crowded houses.

The Curran and Wright "Black Crook" party opened at City Hall, Utica, on the 22d, where they are to remain two weeks. A correspondent says:—"The hall was crowded to excess, although a charity concert was held the same night in another hall. To say that the piece was a success would be to 'draw it mild:' The *ballet*, led by Mlle. Marie Wesner, is made up of a bevy of fresh-looking young damsels, who seem to understand the 'poetry of motion' to a nicety, and there is not a homely face or an ungainly figure in the whole lot. Evlyn Evans takes the character of the Crook in the most acceptable manner, while Chas. Coon as the portly Von Puffingruntz, both in make-up and acting, is the 'right man in the right place.' E. A. Locke, a young comedian of no mean ability, makes a tip-top Greppo. The Count of T. J. Nolen, and the Rudolph of Mr. Macauley are both capital pieces of acting. Mrs. Delia Wright as Barbara is very funny, and her every appearance on the stage was a signal for a general laugh. Carline finds an able representative in Leona Cavender, and little Alice Booth, as the Queen, won the hearts of the audience by her capital rendering of the character. Mr. Carpenter as Dragonfin was acceptable. During the piece Harry Mortimer and Marie Wesner did the comic act of the 'Nerves,' and received a tripple *encore*. There is a fine brass band and orchestra with the company."

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams continued at the Louisville, Ky., theatre last week. Our correspondent says:—"On the 16th, during the performance, a difficulty occurred between Mr. Williams and one of the stage hands named Bailey. It seems Mr. Bailey was standing at his flat, and while waiting for the signal from the prompter to draw off, peeped through the crevice between the flats. At this Mr. Williams demurred, but Bailey took no notice of him, when Barney called him some unpleasant name, for which Bailey, not liking the epithet, struck Barney in the face, whereupon the latter rushed at him with a property fork which he held in his hand, and thrust it into Baiely's neck, when the latter drew his revolver—but his intentions, whatever they were, were frustrated by the timely interference of the people employed on the stage. They were both arrested, and held to bail for their appearance at the City Court on the 25th inst., but the affair has been amicably settled."

Stars.—Those who wish to see stars, or rather show stars, should do as instructed in Lynch's advertisement elsewhere.

"The Lilly of Killarney" was given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, for the first time, on Monday evening, Nov. 18, and proved to be a very valuable addition to the already excellent *repertoire* of the Richings Opera Troupe. The songs, duetts, concerted pieces, etc., were well appreciated, and the entire opera passed off creditably. This is the last week of the troupe. On Friday evening, Nov. 27, Miss Richings will take a benefit, on which occasion Gounod's "Faust" will be given for the first time in English in America. The cast is as follows:—Faust, Mr. Castle; Mephistophiles, S. C. Campbell; Lurline, E. Seguin; Wagner, J. A. Arnold; Marguerite, Miss C. Richings; Siebel, Mrs. E. Seguin; Martha, Mrs. J. A. Arnold.

Miss Lander will give a series of dramatic performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, commencing on Monday evening, Dec. 2d, in her classic *role* of Elizabeth. This lady has been fulfilling a series of engagements in various parts of the country, meeting with extraordinary artistic as well as pecuniary success wherever she has appeared. Her impersonation of Elizabeth is preferred by many to that of Ristori.

Zoe commences a term at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 2d of December.

Janauschek, the German, enters upon an engagement at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 16th of December.

"Surf" is in its fourth week at the Arch, Philadelphia. It is beginning to droop, and the attendance is falling off.

Mrs. Bowers is in the sixth and last week of her performance at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. "Hunted Down," which was given during the past week, was well received. This week Charles Reade's drama of "Dora" is announced for the first time in America, the initial performance taking place on the 25th Nov., with Mrs. Bowers as Dora, Miss Josie Orton as Mary Morrison, W. H. Sedley Smith as Farmer Allen, W. H. Leake as William Allen, and C. A. McManus as Luke Bloomfield.

Edwin Adams is at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, opening there on the 25th in the "Dead Heart." Mr. Adams' impersonation of the Dead Heart is a living reality.

Edwin Forrest closed his extraordinarily brilliant engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 22d inst. On the 23d Barton Hill was up for a benefit.

Messrs. Davis & Co., the Cincinnati dramatic agents, again issue their usual series of proclamations in this issue of the Clipper. Among them will be found a variety of wants and cards to both managers and performers. Ladies of the *ballet* will do well to give special attention to the same.

W. C. Forbes' benefit at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 22d was, pecuniarily speaking, a great success. Our correspondent says:—"A crowded house greeted Mr. Forbes, which helped to swell his greatly reduced purse, and caused him to wear a smiling phiz. 'Othello' was produced and was acceptably done. Wyzeman Marshal as Iago was fine, while in Joseph Proctor we had a very acceptable Othello. The Desdemona of Mrs Fred. Williams was not so satisfactory, the character being a little too much for her. The other characters were sustained by W. C. Forbes, H. L. Bascomb, J. Scott, J. Nolan, J. Davies and Lucille Webster. At the conclusion of the performance loud calls brought Mr. Forbes before the curtain, where he made a speech, stating that as he was improving in health, he hoped soon to resume his professional duties and make Providence his home."

Bidwell and Locke's dramatic company opened in Lawrence, Mass., on the 18th in "Nobody's Daughter," to a crowded house, and are said to have done a big business the entire week. On the 25th and 26th inst., they play in Lynn, Mass., and open in Salem, Mass., on the 27th, for eight nights.

The Boston Theatre Company re-open at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 25th with "Under the Gaslight."

M'lle. Zoe terminated her two weeks engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 23d inst. This week she takes a rest on her farm on Long Island, and commences an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on December 2d.

Hough's "Black Crook" Company performed at Fort Wayne, Ind., last week, and appear the current week in Adrian, Mich.

John E. Owens concluded the third week of his engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 23d inst. He took his third benefit on the 22d, and appeared as Tony Lumpkin and Tobias Shortcutt. Maggie Mitchell succeeds Mr. Owens.

CHAS. BARRON made his *debut* before a Trojan audience at the Griswold Opera House on the 18th inst., in the drama of "Hilda." The same bill was repeated on the 19th, followed by "Ruy Blas" on the 20th and 21st, and for his benefit on the 22d, the "Fool's Revenge" and the farce of the "Widow's Victim." Our correspondent, "Mose," says: "Mr. Barron has played to small but delighted audiences during his engagement. He deserved better houses. Mr. Barron came to Troy unheralded and unknown. In the round of characters he has essayed he has evinced many of the qualities of a meritorious artist. He has, however, made such an impression that, should he come this way again, he will no doubt meet with a hearty reception. Frank Mayo is the next star.....McKean Buchanan, with a full dramatic company, opened at Band's Hall, on the 18th, in 'Richelieu.' There were less than a hundred people in the audience. On the second night there were still less. He said he would not play to such an array of empty benches, and dismissed the audience after refunding them the money. He was announced to stay with us two weeks, but left for Schenectady, where it is hoped he will meet with better success."

MURRAY AND ELSLER'S dramatic company was to open in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 25th inst., for six nights, with Helen Western as the star, supported by Mr. Herne.

THE MONTGOMERY (ALA.,) THEATRE opened on the 18th inst., under Mrs. Harry Hunter's management, with "Catherine Howard" and the "Persecuted Dutchman." The company is as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. H. Hunter, Henry Howard, J. E. Durivage, Newton Gotthold, J. Y. Arlington, E. D. Gording, J. Sullivan, Candell, Stevens, Julia Power, Annie Stanfield, Emma Madden, Knight, Stevens, White, Mrs. Gording and M'lle. Zora. "Caste" and "Child Stealer" were underlined last week.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was at Franklin, Pa., all last week.

MISS EMILIE MELVILLE continued at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, last week. Our correspondent, "Nonpariel," says:—"On the 18th inst., the lady played to the largest house of the season, the people having turned out *en masse* to get a glimpse of the pedestrian Weston, who was advertised to occupy a private box on that evening, but did not, on account of not having reached the city in time to do so. The pieces presented were a burlesque on the 'Black Crook,' Miss Melville playing Lelia, the Charmed Maiden, in her happiest manner, with J. E. Irving, in his rendition of Heateg, the Black Cook. The performance ended with the 'Pretty Horsebreaker.' On the 19th 'Esmeralda' was given, with Miss Melville as Esmeralda, which she played very finely. She was ably supported by J. W. Hill as Quasimodo, E. Murray Day as Claud Frollo, and Harry A. Ellis as Capt. Phœbus. On the 20th inst., was given the new play of 'Camilla's Husband,' followed by the burlesque of 'Pocahontas,' with Miss Melville as the Princess. John Ellaler as Powhatan and Sid Smith as Capt. John Smith were good. On the 21st 'Fanchon' was given for the second time, the lady appearing as the Cricket. To-night (22d), for her benefit she gives 'Satan in Paris,' and a burlesque called 'Norma.' On the 25th E. L. Davenport commences a brief engagement."

OUR CHICAGO advices are up to Nov. 22d, under which date our correspondent, "Joe," writes us as follows:—"At Wood's Museum, the 'Orange Girl' is the attraction, with F. E. Aiken as John Fryer; John Dillon as Gregory Dyngell, W. Arnold as Uriah Underwood; W. J. Le Moyne as Pepper Frost; Mrs. Barry as Jane Fryer; Mrs. Alice Holland as Sally Dyngel', and Addie Grover as Jenny. The piece has been a success, pecuniarily, but the machinery is very bad, especially the Black Tarn scene, where Jane Fryer, in a very slow and mysterious manner, glides down sideways into a hole in the ice. It will be withdrawn at the expiration of this (last) week. Mr. Le Moyne is up for a benefit on the 25th inst. 'Pale Janet' and 'The White Horse of the Peppers,' are underlined.....At McVicker's Theatre, Joseph Jefferson closes his engagement this week. He will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.....At the Opera House, the carpenters and artists are very busy on the spectacular piece entitled 'Undine.' It is said that Lady Don is to sustain the principal character. A *ballet* troupe, under the supervision of Jarrett and Palmer, is announced."

F. S. CHANFRAU, after a successful engagement, closed at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 23d inst. C. T. Parsloe, who supported Mr. Chanfrau, took a benefit on the 21st. On the 23d, for Mr. Chanfrau's benefit, "A Glance at New York," "Widow's Victim" and "First Night" were produced, and the *beneficiaire* was rewarded with the best house of the season. His Mose was greeted with rapturous applause throughout. The Harry Gordon of Mr. J. L. Gossin, and the George Parsells of Ben. Rogers (who made his first appearance since his recent severe illness,) Sykesie by C. T. Smith, Lize by Mrs. Jas. Dickson, and Jenny by Miss Adele Ward, are said to deserve special mention. Mad. Neuville appeared as Jane. Mr. Chanfrau's imitations of celebrated actors in the comic sketch of "Widow's Victim" were well received. Kate Reignolds commences on the 26th, appearing as Elizabeth Petrovna in the "Lioness of the North."

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., is said to have done a fair business since it reopened under the new management. Miss Jean Hosmer's style of prices did not please theatre goers. Thomas L. Connor made his first appearance there on the 18th, playing leading business. "Love" was produced on the 19th. "Wife's Secret" was announced, but owing to the sickness of some of the members of the company, "Fazio" was substituted. "Caste" was to have been produced on the 23d. On the 23d Miss Hosmer closed her engagement.

MARIETTA RAVEL concluded a six nights' engagement at Waller's Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 23d instant. She opened on the 18th in the "French Spy" to a fair house. The sword combat between Marietta and P. E. Connolly was well received, and is said to eclipse anything of the kind yet seen in that city. She also appeared during the week in a series of impersonations, which attracted good houses. "Elizabeth, Queen of England," was announced for Nov. 25.

"HUNTED DOWN" kept the stage at Selwyn's theatre, Boston, three nights last week; the burlesque of "Mazeppa" with Kitty Blanchard and Stuart Robson in the principal characters, the balance of the week. The same bill is announced for the current week.

LUCILLE WESTERN continues her engagement at the Continental Theatre, Boston, with the sensational drama of "East Lynne."

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER" will be played at the Boston Theatre on Thanksgiving afternoon and evening.

"MAUD'S PERIL" is in active preparation at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston.

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER"—Fuiton and Maeder's version—is brought out at the Boston Museum this week, after careful preparation, and is expected to enjoy a run.

FRANK LAWLOR has bought the right to produce in Albany, N.Y., the play of "Under the Gaslight," which is to be produced on Dec. 23.

"ONDINE," a romantic spectacle, is the current attraction at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

THE VICKSBURG, Miss., theatre opened for the regular season on the 14th inst., under the management of Templeton & Bro., with John Huntley as the stage manager, and the following company:—Messrs. Jno. Huntley, J. T. Fannin, Ed. Wright, E. H. Cramer, Charles Shelly, Maynard, A. F. Kingsley, H. N. Dickinson, D. Russell, R. Stanley, H. Junewell and W. Lewellyn, Carrie Nouvarre Wight, Kate Thornton, Ada Wilmotte, Dora Suelly and Miss J. Green. Mrs. Estelle Potter, the opening star, appeared as Julia, in the "Hunchback," followed on the 16th by "Lucrezia Borgia," and 19th the "Honeymoon."

THE OPERA HOUSE, Norfolk, Va., closed on the 18th inst.

EMILY THORNE appeared for the first time in Detroit, Mich., at the Athenæum on the 18th inst. "An unequal Match," "Colleen Bawn" and "Married and Settled" were given; on the 19th "Grist to the Mill" and "Colleen Bawn;" on the 20th "Peg Woffington;" 21st "Hidden Hand;" 23d (benefit, "Pocahontas" and "How to Make a Home Happy;" on the 23d the same bill was repeated. T. M. Meagher has retired from the Athenæum. McKee Rankin opens at this house on 25th for one week.

Negro Minstrelsy.

SANDS' COMBINATION MINSTRELS, after having pleased the people of the New Dominion with their performances, and reaped a good harvest of hard cash, have returned to Uncle Sam's dominions. Last week they showed at Rome and Adams, N. Y., and began this week at Utica, we understand.

A CORNET PLAYER recently from Europe wants an engagement with a minstrel company. See H. S. Wallace's advertisement.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS, from Boston, are prominently posted to give six performances at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., commencing on Dec. 2d.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS are at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., this week.

GRAND REVIVAL.—Hooley's Minstrels, in honor of Thanksgiving week, will revive the burlesque of "Black Crook," which, in conjunction with the "Shadow Pantomime," and the other good things usually served up by this company, ought to make a holiday entertainment of a rich character. A *matinee* is to be given by this favorite Brooklyn troupe on Thanksgiving day. George Christy is to make his appearance at Hooley's on Monday next, Dec. 2d.

DEREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 16th, to a very fine house. They also had a crowded house at Trenton, N. J., on the 20th inst.

THE NEW MINSTREL HALL lately fitted up in San Francisco, Cal., by Messrs. Leslie, Raynor and Smith, was opened on Oct. 25th with the following company:—Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor, comedians; Henri Herberte, first tenor; Nordblom, second tenor; Kemp, alto; Storms, baritone; Loomis, basso; Harry Williams, G. F. Smith, H. Thomas, Frank Medina, and J. Mundweller are the instrumentalists; George T. Evans, musical conductor. The opening entertainment was given to an auditorium densely crowded with spectators in every part.

A MINSTREL PARTY, consisting of A. J. Talbot, Jake Wallace, Emma Miles and others, was to leave San Francisco, Cal., on the 1st inst., on a tour of the Southern counties.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S Minstrels commenced a season of three nights at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 21st inst.

GEORGE HUTCHINSON and his trained dogs were the features last week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, with Newcomb's minstrels combined. Billy Emerson and W. Manning are still with this party.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS occupied Music Hall, Springfield, Ky., on the evening of Nov. 16th. A correspondent says: "The company is meeting with success. Dick Melville, who fell from the rope at Dayton, Ohio, while doing the burlesque on the Japanese, is now with this party. Frank Wood, Harry Sevmore, J. J. Kelly, Johnny Murry, W. J. Campbell, Ed. Sweet, Thomas Arlington, J. H. Moore, J. F. Hall, Charles Coes, Geo. Hamilton, Mat. Cannon, Tommy Pell, Dick Ferguson, Chas. Melville, Johnny Booker, Dick Carroll, M. C. Campbell, the Reynolds Brothers and Jimmy Kirkland are in the troupe. They are billed ahead for Lexington, Frankfort, Shelbyville, Bowling Green, Lebanon and Louisville. R. P. Ferguson is acting as agent."

CARNCROSS & DIXEY MINSTRELS, of Philadelphia, play a burlesque on Olive Logan's "Surf," this week, showing our colored brethern disporting in the surf that washed the beach at famed Cape May.

M. B. LEAVITT'S MINSTRELS are billed at New Bedford, Mass., for Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 27th, and Worcester, Mass., on Thanksgiving night, Nov. 28th.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS are billed at Harrisburg, Pa., for Nov. 29th and 30th.

WILSON'S MINSTRELS hold their own in St. Louis, Mo. "Hamlet," in black, is said to be the best burlesque they have done. Fred. Wilson as Ophelia and J. R. Kemble as Hamlet seldom fail to bring down the house in their local hits. Geo. W. Powers, a young aspirant who put in his first appearance on Nov. 18, has become quite a favorite. Allen, Booker, Bowman and Harris nightly appear in their negro specialties, and Bideaux, Kemble, Dempster and Dana make up a good quartet. This week they do "Richard III" in black.

JOE MILLER (right name Joseph D. Cook), minstrel performer, died in Philadelphia, Pa., the 20th inst., of consumption, aged 34 years. His last words to his wife were, "Rachel, I will send you a protector." His remains were taken on the 23d to Woodstown, N.Y., for interment. He leaves a wife and three children.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS open in Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 9 at the Institute.

MINSTREL TALENT for a company now organizing is advertised for in another column by G. W. Forrest.

Music Halls

C. W. MCMILLEN, well known as a music hall manager, took charge of the stage at the Olympic, New Orleans, on the 14th inst. The Misses Beckett had a complimentary benefit on the 16th. These two young ladies, who were favorites there, left for Cincinnati on the 17th. Banker, Keegan and Billy Sweetnam continue to be favorites with the Orleanists, as are Senorita Marie, Mad'lle Edith and G. C. Brydar.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Detroit, Mich., had a number of new faces added to the company last week, among whom were Tommy Sheridan, Tommy Adams, T. H. Hollis, Julia Drew, M'lle Carollsta and Dick Berthelon.

THE OLYMPIC, San Francisco, Cal., continues to meet with a fair share of the public patronage. The company engaged up to last advices was as follows:—Joe Murphy, Master O'Brien, Ned Harrigan, Lew Rattler, Johnny De Angelis, Maggie and Jimmy Moore, Mattie Thorne and Fanny Hanks.

THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES, Leavenworth, Kansas, under the lesseeship of W. Smith, with O. B. Brace as stage manager, and Ned Straight, leader of orchestra, appears to be getting along very well with the following company:—M'lle R. Aubrey, O. B. Brace, W. H. Griffin, A. M. Crossland, R. C. White, M'lle Jerome, W. Pash and Master Tommy.

SHOREY AND GREEN have succeeded Goss in the management of the Union Music Hall at New Haven, Conn., and re-christened it Opera Concert Hall. By giving a good show and judicious advertising they have had a succession of crowded houses. Shorey in his funnyisms, and Green with his mocking bird and ballads, are the principal attractions.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Mobile, Ala., our correspondent says: "Since Manager Jackson has taken sole charge of the house, novelty is in order. The 'Jap-on-knees' and 'Returned Volunteer' kept the boards during the week ending Nov. 16th. Lizzie Ellsworth, the jig and fancy *dancuse*, is one of the stars of this establishment. Geo. E. Madden, in his 'grape vine twist' dance, and song of 'Dars Music in dese Shoes,' never fails to bring down the house with thunders of applause. Ed. Gooding and wife have withdrawn from this establishment and gone to the Montgomery, Ala., Theatre."

THE AMERICAN, Philadelphia, is in the full tide of success. "The Prismatic Fountain" has kept the boards for eight weeks, and it is likely to hold its own for a still longer term, which is a wonder for the Quaker City. They produce the "Red Gnome" on Monday, 25th inst., with the Carlo family, with everything new in the pantomime. Mr. Fox has a good company, and the *ballet* is a great feature.

WRIGHT'S VARIETIES, Richmond, Va., in addition to the trial of Jeff Davis, is one of the attractions to the amusement loving public of that city. The proprietors wish to add to the talent of the company, and seek to recruit their forces by advertising in the CLIPPER.

TALENT is wanted for the Casino, East Saginaw, Mich., by Messrs. Weaver and Mills. See advertisement.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, brought out the burlesque of the "Black Crook" last week, and it proved a capital hit. Ganfrau has become a favorite with the *habitues* of the Palace. Agnes Sutherland, vocalist, puts in an appearance this week.

THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Mo., was to be re-opened with a first class variety company on Nov. 25th. This theatre has undergone an entire change, and Messrs. Spaulding and Bidwell have spared no expense in remodeling and redecorating it. It is said to be one of the most beautiful theatres in the West.

THE VARIETIES, Toledo, Ohio, is now under the management of Tommy Sheridan and M'lle Carolista, who have at present the following company:—T. H. Hollis, Tim Darling, J. L. Davenport, Julia Drew, Jerry Hopper and Dick Berthelon.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Boston, the pantomime of "Old Dame Wiggles" was announced for production on the 25th inst., with Jas. Maffitt as Clown, W. H. Bartholomew as Pantaloon, Harry Leslie as Harlequin, Eveline Lehman as Columbine and Lilly Whiting as the Fairy. M'lle Albertine puts in a first appearance this week. Theresa Wood is at this establishment.

Circuses.

WE DIRECT THE ATTENTION of circus managers and teachers of gymnastics to the advertisement of C. H. Hawkins in this issue.

THE "SHELDENBERGER" concern, which recently dropped down in Philadelphia, is the Whitby & Co.'s combined circuses and menageries, a correspondent informs us. He says:—"I saw them when they commenced the tenting season, saw them in August at Phœnixville, at Skating Park in Philadelphia, and now they come again under an assumed name, and advertising attractions they never owned. In August they exhibited in this vcity for one week; now they come again, but exhibit in a part of the city remote from their former efforts, and billed only that part of the city also. In each and every place they advertised a large and small elephant, weighing respectively 14,000 and 330 pounds! (Hannibal only weighed 12,000, and he was the largest ever in the country,) and 22 dens of animals. What they have is a baby elephant, eight cages of animals, and of these at least half are minor animals, a poor lot of ring stock, and a tattered canvas. The performers are Henry Whitby and his (Sheldenberger's) family, Pete and John Conklin-Sheldenberger; James De Mott; (Jamison De Myers?) late with the Forepaugh show, and other names, with Sheldenberger added to them."

MLLE. LOUISE TOURNIAIRE and daughter, both of them accomplished equestriennes, are on the *qui vive* for engagements. See advertisement.

HAIGHT AND CHAMBERS' CIRCUS opened in New Orleans, La., on the 16th inst., on a lot on the corner of St. Charles and Delord streets. The concern continued there the past week.

HAIGHT AND CHAMBERS' CIRCUS opened in Mobile, Ala., on Nov. 11th, for four days.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS was in Montgomery, Ala., 21st and 22d; Greenville, 23d; and was to open in Mobile for one week, commencing 25th.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is billed in Columbus, Macon, and Montgomery, Ala., but no dates are announced.

ALECK ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is billed at Loachopaca, Ala., for the 27th inst.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Louisville, Ky., was to open on the 25th with a circus performance, under the auspices of Levi J. North, the veteran circus man. The stage has been taken out, and a forty-foot ring built. It is Mr. North's intention to bring out stars in quick succession.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS commences a brief stay in Baltimore, Md., on the 27th inst., at the Front Street Theatre.

Miscellaneous.

THE CRESCENT CITY MUSEUM at New Orleans, La., C. T. Ames, manager, opened on the 16th, and comprises Ames' Menagerie, with other curiosities. Miss Anna T. Leak, the no-armed wonder, is at this house.

THE HANLON COMBINATION occupy Deering Hall, Portland, Me., all this week.

THE ALF BURNETT COMBINATION was at Vincennes, Ind., on the 23d, and was to remain on the 25th. On the 26th they commence a five nights' stay in St. Louis, Mo.

LOGRENIA the wizard, with his trained animals and canaries, opened at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 18th, for six nights. Harry Tyndale is the agent.

THE GEORGIA CONVENTION is to meet at Atlanta on the 9th of December, and, it is thought, will continue in session six or eight weeks. It is thought that a good company might do well there during the time.

MARCUS ASHLAND, late of the Zanfretta troupe, advertises for an engagement in another column.

CASWELL'S SERIES OF CONCERTS, at Jersey City, were inaugurated at the Tabernacle on the evening of the 19th inst., and proved quite a success. The second takes place on the 26th, and we see that Mrs. Morris, the pretty and talented cantatrice, is to be one of the attractions.

A POSITIVE NECESSITY for showmen of all descriptions is first class bill posting, and the advance agent should see to it that he secures the services of the leading professors in that line of business. *Apropos* of our remarks in this direction, we might mention the name of Silas Ward, of the music store at Harrisburg, Pa.

A PANORAMA of scenes in Oriental life is advertised for sale by "Manager" in another column.

THE LA GRANGE AND BRIGNOLI OPERA TROUPE appear at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 28th.

MCEVOY'S "HIBERNICOS" was to open at Roger Williams' Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 25th for five nights.

THE TROUPE of performing dogs and monkeys brought to this country by Professor Tanner, and who have appeared with success at several establishments in this city as well as throughout the country, have been purchased by Tony Pastor, of the Opera House in the Bowery, this city. Managers wishing an attractive card for two or four weeks can secure them. They appear in a series of amusing eccentricities, and are equal in their performances to any in the business.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS gave one entertainment at Norristown, Pa., on the 21st inst.

THE BEAR FAMILY BELL RINGERS give two entertainments at Harrisburg, Pa., on Nov. 27 and 28.

THE BOSTON QUINTETTE CLUB occupied Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 18th and 19th inst., and gave two entertainments. The hall was filled by large and appreciative audiences.

DORLAND'S "Miltonian Tableaux" opened at Jackson, Mich., on Nov. 18th, and remain all the week. The concern opens in Kalamazoo for three nights on the 25th inst.

AN ADVANCE AGENT, with a capital of $1,000, to take a partnership in an acrobatic and pantomime troupe, is advertised for in another column by George Davis.

SHERRY'S "NEW YORK THEATRE" dramatic troupe, which includes, we understand, actors and musicians of ability, is making a successful raid in the northern part of this State. They were to open at Franklin, Venango county, on the 25th inst. Their advertisement will be found in another column.

DAVENPORT & HOPPER, who do all sorts of business as clowns, banjoists, vocalists, etc., are on the look-out for engagements, and advertise therefor in the CLIPPER. By referring thereto their address, etc., will be discovered.

Amateur.

THE "MERCANTILE LIBRARY CLUB" gave their fifth entertainment on the 19th inst. These entertainments, a correspondent says, "are very popular in Boston, the audiences numbering some five or six hundred every night they are given, which is once in two weeks. He further says:—Miss Mary Davis and Ferd. Converse, who play leading business, are entitled to much credit for the manner in which they do their respective parts. They are both professionals, in every sense of the word, not the slighest amateur business being in the least perceptible. Miss Davis and Ferd. Converse are a 'combination,' and will, in all probability, remain as such when they have done with amateuring, and start out as professionals. Miss Hattie Snow and Joseph T. Hazelton, who do the 'low comedy' business for the club, are excellent in every particular, and add greatly to the interest of the shows. As a whole, this is the most popular club that was ever organised in Boston, and the large audiences which are constantly in attendance prove this beyond a doubt."

THE SHAKESPEARE D. A. of Philadelphia performed, for the benefit of Mr. R. Jordan, on the 20th inst., the play entitled the "Marble Heart." Mr. Jordan sustained the character of Raphael in a creditable manner. The same may be said of Miss Beaufort as Marie. The farce of "Love in Livery" was the afterpiece. Mr. Jordan as Lord Sparkle was good. Mr. Hulfish we do not like in the character of Paul Patent. The rest of the characters were well sustained. So writes a correspondent.

THE BOOTHONIAN D. A. of Philadelphia gave a performance of "A Kiss in the Dark" and "Nan, the Good For Nothing," on Nov. 21st. The former was cast as before. Our correspondent, "An Old Actor," says:—"Mr. St. Leger has not improved in his Frank Fathom; Mr. Thomas as Dibbles, and Mr. Quigley as Harry, in the latter, were both good. Mr. St. Leger played Charles in a careful manner. Mr. Fenno as Young Simpson looked somewhat older than Young Simpson should look, but played the part well. Last of all, but not least, I must mention the excellent manner in which Miss Devine played Nan. I doubt if there is another amateur actress that can do as well in the same character. One fault she has, that of reading too fast."

THE ST. JOHN'S MALE SUNDAY SCHOOL, of Baltimore, Md., gave a dramatic entertainment on the 20th inst. at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, for a charitable benefit. We are informed that the hall was crowded, and that the performances passed off satisfactorily.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, Nov. 21st, performed the play of "Damon and Pythias." A correspondent says:—"Mr. Appleby as Damon did not act with spirit. Mr. White as Pythias was likewise entirely too tame; Mr. Calvert as Dionysius was good; Miss Devere as Hermion, and Miss Beaufort as Calanthe, acted their parts well. The other characters were pretty well sustained. The dresses used upon this occasion were very appropriate. An orchestra of four pieces, Mr. Hoffman, leader, enlivened the audience with some music between the acts. We are glad to see that the intermission between the acts has been somewhat shortened."

THE CLIOGRAPHIC LITERARY AND DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Baltimore, gave an entertainment at Concordia Opera House on the 19th, the "Rent Day" and the "Irish Tiger," comprising the bill. A correspondent thus speaks of the affair: "In the 'Rent Day,' the characters of Martin and Toby Heywood, Crumbs and Bullfrog, were sustained in a creditable manner by Messrs. S. H. Cohn, M. Lauphelmer, and L. H. Hirschburg, their actions betraying more confidence than the other gentlemen in the cast. Mr. A. H. Fisher as Garntley, made, altogether, too little use of his hands, and speaking in such a low manner as to be inaudible beyond the orchestra. Miss Tillman as Rachel, and Miss Maddox as Polly, did excellently, the former finding a great many admirers of her performances in English. Miss Tillman committed a grave mistake when she adopted the German stage, as she is much better fitted for the American, and will find more appreciation in English parts than in German. 'The Irish Tiger' passed off much better, and Mr. Hirschburg deservedly received the hearty applause of the audience for his able delineation of Irish character; worthy of mention, are Messrs. Lauphelmer as Sir Charles Lavender; Mr. Cohn as Marrowfat; and Mr. Herman as Bilberry. The solo of Mr. Friedmann, tenor, was warmly appreciated. Mrs. Rosewald and Mr. J. L. Leuch, sang a duett, by Graben Hoffman, and were called out twice."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE AMERICAN CIRCUS, taken to Paris by Messrs. Avery Smith, G. Quick, Dr. Spaulding, David Bidwell and John Nathans, will shortly close its season in that city, and appear in London, Eng., the managers having secured Astley's Theatre for a brief season. The speculation has proved pecuniarily a failure in Paris, but artistically it has been a great success for American performers, as the equestrianism of James Robinson and Robert Stickney, the leaping of Mr. Kelly, as well as the other performances, are pronounced superior to anything ever before seen in Europe.

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.—As Lawrence P. Barrett, the American actor, was retiring from the stage of the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., at the conclusion of the performance of "Richard III," on Oct. 26th, he was requested to step into the green-room. Mr. Barrett complied, and found the members of the company assembled to bid him a kind farewell. Mr. Buskinshaw was the appointed spokesman, and said:—"Mr. Barrett, the ladies and gentlemen of the company, feeling desirous you should possess some little *souvenir* of your first professional visit to Liverpool, have deputed me to beg your acceptance of this sword, as a slight token of their respect and esteem, which I have much pleasure in stating you have won by your considerate and unostentatious conduct." The sword, a most magnificent one, was placed in the hands of Mr. Barrett, who thanked all present for their kindness towards him during his engagement, as well as for the handsome present.

MR. FECHTER has been engaged by Mr. Ben Webster, and will appear at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Eng., at Christmas, in a new drama by Wilkie Collins, entitled "No Thoroughfare," being a dramatic version of the new Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, which consists this year of a tale jointly written by Messrs. C. Dickens and W. Collins. Mr. B. Webster as well as Fechter play in the same piece.

"CENDRILLON" has passed its four hundredth representation at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, France.

M. HERMAN was at last advices performing his feats in magic in Brussels.

THE RAGE for spectacles in Paris has caused a dearth of *ballet* girls. The Porte St. Martin Theatre is said to require sixty for its new piece. *Coryphees* cannot be obtained.

EUGENE LABAT, a dramatic author, died in Paris Oct. 25. The best known among his acted plays are "Richard Savage," a five-act prose drama, produced in 1838 at the Comedie; "La vie d'un Comedien," a four-act prose comedy, produced at the Odeon in 1842; "Enfant Cheri des Dames," a two-act comedy, and "La Coin du Feu," both played at the Vaudeville. His death was sudden, and altogether unexpected, though he was in his seventy-first year. At the time of his death he was a member of the Societe Imperiale des Antiquaries de France, and keeper of the records of the Perfecture of Police.

MRS. J. P. TAAFF died in Glasgow, Oct. 19.

CHARLES CONNELL, for thirty years keeper at the City of London Theatre, London, Eng., died in that city Oct 31.

MISS CAROLINE MACREADY (Mrs. Edmund Edmunds) died in London, Eng., Oct. 30, in her twenty-seventh year.

MRS. CONQUEST, wife of the lessee of the Grecian Theatre, London, Eng., died in that city on the 3d inst.

MONS. COUDER, the original General Boum in the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," died at Wiesbaden during the month of October of inflammation of the lungs.

PAUL BEDFORD, a gentleman who for many years has been recognized as one of the most popular low comedians of London, Eng., quit the legitimate and made his bow at Weston's Music Hall, London, on Oct. 28th. He sang the ballad of "Jolly Nose," and the excellent song of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," prefaced by an anecdote of Sir Walter Scott. He was enthusiastically welcomed to his new line of business in his old age.

VESTVALI, the magnificent, is in London. She has leased the Lyceum Theatre from Mr. Fechter, and having formed a good company, was to have given her first performance on the 18th of Nov. "Romeo and Juliet" was the play selected for the opening night, with Vestvali as Romeo, Miss Nillson as Juliet, Sullivan as Mercutio, Byder as Friar Lawrence, Miss Elsworthy as Lady Capulet, and Mrs. Marston as the Nurse. Dickens and Bulwer, we are told, were present at the first rehearsal. "Romeo" is to be followed by "Macbeth."

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
THANKSGIVING WEEK—HOLIDAY BILL.
An entirely new Local Drama, entitled
A TOUR AROUND NEW YORK;
OR, THE GREAT CITY BY DAY AND NIGHT.
Tony Pastor, G. F. McDonald, T. G. Riggs, H. W. Eagan, Johnny Wild, W. Sheppard, J. A. Greaver, J. W. Collier, A. J. Leavitt, Miss Addie Le Brim, Miss Melinda Nagle, Miss Victoria Howard, and all the company in the cast.
Engagement of the World's Prestidigitateur,
PROF. ROBERT NICKLE.
Second week of the famous Irish Vocalist,
THE GREAT CARLETON.
First week of the accomplished Danseuse,
MISS JENNIE EAGAN.
A new ballet by Mons. Szolloszy,
THE DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN.
A splendid variety p
Thursday—Thanksgiving Day—A Gr FESTIVAL & TINEE.
Doors open at 1 o'clock; commen

SAN FRANCISCO MINST 585 Broadway.
The trouble commences
The Herald of the 20th says: "T
of the Deity of Fun to the Sober
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, F
SAN FRANCIS
Immense success of BOBBY
Dance. THE PEOPLE'S PART.
OTHELLO AND MACBETH.
CASTA DIVA, RISTORI'S MEDEA,
and the Screaming Burlesque of the
BASE BALL MATCH. 34 1t*

FRED. AND JEROME LUBIN,
THE ONLY LUBIN BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS, AND ORIGINATORS
Of all kinds of MAGIC APPARATUS.
34-1t* Warerooms 559 Broadway, New York.

WRIGHT'S VARIETIES,
Corner of Franklin and Mayo streets,
RICHMOND, VA.
H. C. WRIGHT.....Proprietor
GEO. W. MURRAY.....Stage Manager
NOW OPEN.
First class talent in all branches of variety business wanted. 34-1t

TO MANAGERS AND AGENTS OF SHOWS
VISITING YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—Beware of a big imported fraud who is trying to gull the people, saying that he is a Bill Poster and that he has bought me out, which is false, as I can always be found on hand to attend to the wants of Showmen, and do their work in a satisfactory manner. E. S. SULLIVAN, Bill Poster and General Advertising Agent, Youngstown, Ohio.
I can testify to the truth of the above, having been imposed on by the above fraud. He ruined my best show bills, and I had to apply to Sullivan to do the work over. H. VIVIAN,
34-1t* Agent for House's Dramatic Company.

PROPRIETORS AND AGENTS visiting HARRISBURG, PA., are respectfully invited to address or call at
WARD'S MUSIC STORE
for all information touching Halls, etc.
BILL POSTING AND DISTRIBUTING
promptly and carefully done. Bill Boards in city owned by us.
34-5t* WARD'S MUSIC STORE.

THE TROUPE OF PERFORMING DOGS AND MONKEYS lately owned by PROF. TANNER, now the sole property of TONY PASTOR, and pronounced the most enchanting and best trained quadrupeds in this country, can be secured by managers of theatres, music halls, or minstrel companies, by addressing TONY PASTOR, Opera House, Bowery, N. Y. 34-tf

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HENRY C. DOBSON'S Patent Banjos, used by the entire Profession.
MISS LOTTA, ELLA CHAPMAN, ELLA LA RUE, OCEANA, LEO HUDSON, NELSE SEYMOUR, LEW SIMMONS, and many others use
HENRY C. DOBSON'S PATENT BANJO;
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Sent neatly packed to any address on the receipt of the price, $25.
Instruction given on the Banjo from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M.
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CASINO,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH.
WEAVER & MILLS.....Proprietors.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements will please apply to
34 3t* JOHN WEAVER.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
Two Performances on Saturday, Nov. 28, 1867. Matinee at one. Evening a quarter to eight.
SECOND YEAR OF THE WORLD RENOWNED
BLACK CROOK,
and JARRETT & PALMER'S
GREAT PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE,
numbering over seventy danseuses, selected from the best schools of Europe.
ENTIRELY NEW ATTRACTIONS!—GREAT HIT OF
LA GARDE IMPERIALE,
NUMBERING 150 CHILDREN,
FORMING A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS, FULLY EQUIPPED in splendid new uniforms from Paris. Brilliant reception of the
TWO PREMIERS ASSOLUTA.
Grand Ballet of
70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70, 70,
AND THE CHILD VANDIERE, &c., &c., &c.
FIRST MALE DANCER OF THE DAY.
Splendid Scenery, Costumes, Armor, &c., &c.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE.....Business Manager
GEORGE L. FOX.....Stage Manager
THE MEMORABLE SUCCESS OF
SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRY SPECTACLE,
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
IS THE
PRONOUNCED EVENT OF THE SEASON.
THE WHOLE CITY
Is aglow with the radiant beauty of the most exquisite spectacle in the language, in which
THE FASCINATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S FANCY,
THE CHARM OF MENDELSSOHN'S MUSIC,
THE GENIAL SPIRIT OF HUMOR,
THE POWER OF GOOD ACTING,
THE ALLUREMENTS OF EXQUISITE TASTE,
THE ILLUSIONS OF PAINTING,
THE CUNNING OF MECHANISM,
Woo the heart and mind, the imagination and the senses, with a power than which
NOTHING COULD BE MORE DELIGHTFUL.
THE MATCHLESS TRANSFORMATION SCENE,
Representing the Fairy Elysium, is now crowned with the
RICHEST INDORSEMENTS
Of the best critics and the general public as
INCOMPARABLE IN BEAUTY AND SPLENDOR.
The popular triumphs of the production keep pace with its surpassing artistic and poetic excellence. The house is crowded nightly with the most distingue audiences to be seen in any city in the world, and half an hour after the rise of the curtain
STANDING ROOM
IS NOT TO BE FOUND.
FESTIVAL MATINEE
THANKSGIVING DAY,
Commencing at 1.30 and closing at 3.25.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.

WORRELL SISTERS'
NEW YORK THEATRE, 728 BROADWAY.
THIRD WEEK
And positive triumph of
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S
Great Patriotic and Lively American Comedy,
"NORWOOD,"
which will be repeated Every Night and Saturday Afternoons at the
NEW YORK THEATRE,
THE WARMEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
The performance is received with shouts of laughter, and the THRILLING WAR TABLEAUX
are encored nightly. The Down East Fun and the Soldiers' Frolics are irresistible.
"NORWOOD"

AMUSEMENTS.

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FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in *advance*.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 72 Spruce street, New York.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn,
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS
The House has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company as now organized embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor. 34-tf

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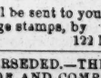

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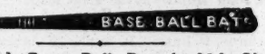

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